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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 27, 1975 50 cents

BOOBY TRAPS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Who Are the Palestinians?

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Lebanon: Mosaic of Hostilities

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THE MARIJUANA FLYING CIRCUS

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INTO THE FIELDS BY SUNRISE

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LETTERS

another Englishman

New York City

Lawrence Alloway's article on local art (*The Nation*, Sept. 13) . . . reinforces a cumulative impression: Alloway continues to bring to American art criticism a needed radical voice. I have in mind his ability to prevent his own sophistication and elegant style from blinding him to a multiplicity (and validity) of intentions and sources. Observing the contextual aspects of contemporary art, he, more than anybody else, gives the dignity of serious attention to art by women, to black art, to public art, protest art, local art—often in your pages.

While I do not always agree with Alloway (in the last article the expression "old ladies" seems contrary to the spirit of the piece) I think I am on solid ground in saying that his non-elitist, pro-Populist views and admirable form bring to American art what another Englishman brought two centuries ago to American politics: *Common Sense.* *Rudolf Baranik*

women in Russia

Atherton, Calif.

Prof. Dorothy Atkinson's "Soviet Women Today" [*The Nation*, Sept. 6], accurately reflects the dominant tone of the recent conference held at Stanford and of many, though not all, of the papers given there. . . . However, it may be seriously questioned whether either the article or the Stanford conference provided an objective picture of contemporary Soviet women or of historical factors influencing both their achievements and problems.

Could it be that assistance given the academic community in setting up the conference by the U.S. State Department and the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace helps explain the tendency to damn with faint praise. . .? Since evidence is overwhelming that women in the USSR and in some other Socialist countries far surpass American or other Western women in the areas of educational and vocational opportunities, professional attainments, legal equality with men, participation in government, in paid maternity leave, pension rights, child-care facilities, etc., such facts are played down by pointing out that few, if any, women are at the very top, and by attributing most social progress to industrialization per se, or to military needs rather than to socialism.

Atkinson and the conference emphasize the "double burden" carried by many working wives, but ignore the fact that in the Soviet Union a widespread propaganda campaign and social pressure on men to do their share seem today to be having growing impact, especially among younger, better educated husbands and wives. . . . Neither Atkinson nor the Stanford conference dealt with one important likely cause for the "culture lag" on the domestic front: World War II left the USSR with *20 million* fewer men than women, leaving millions of widows, mothers, grandmothers and other single women to share domestic chores and child-care responsibilities. . . . Such a situation must have reinforced traditional patterns and attitudes toward housework—until a new generation could grow up with a more equal sex ratio. . . .

It was in Mexico City, at the IWY conference, where women from the Socialist countries received a warm response from nearly all the delegates, that one got a sense of how hopeful and encouraging their achievements look to women of the rest of the world. When Soviet women attending there were asked why no Soviet representatives came to the Stanford conference, the answer was that they had accepted Professor Atkinson's invitation to participate, that the invitation was later withdrawn in favor of specialists in various fields. When the Soviet specialists declined, members of the Soviet Women's Committee were then reinvited, but by then had made other plans. *Alice Richards*

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

The Face-Off

Americans wanting to see the CIA thoroughly investigated have a vigorous advocate in Rep. Otis Pike of New York. Though the scope and direction of its inquiry is not altogether clear, Pike's House Committee on Intelligence seems to be willing to fight toughly with an administration less than eager to let the public know the record of the CIA. The committee's latest confrontation with the CIA and its protectors over the release of four classified words has led to a face-off: the administration won't give Pike any more secret documents and Pike won't return the ones he has. Pike says he believes the committee would win a court battle over CIA data but he also fears that such a battle would take more time than his January 31st deadline allows. But until the dispute is resolved, says Pike, and classified documents are again available, the investigation can't proceed: "The executive branch is telling this committee of the House it may not continue to operate."

This latest legislative-executive impasse sums up the relationship of Congress to the CIA and, indeed, to all the intelligence agencies—that has existed for years. The federal spies view themselves as being outside the constitutional framework, independent of the nation's system of checks and balances. As Alan Wolfe first noted in the March 29th *Nation*, the American Government has evolved into a "dual state," with one branch Congressionally monitored and to an extent controlled, and the other—the government's military and espionage arm—operating largely immune from legislative and popular scrutiny.

In his *New York Times Book Review* essay (September 14) on Phillip Knightley's *The First Casualty*, Garry Wills writes that the war consciousness that enables this dual state to continue has been part of the national mentality since 1941. With opinion leaders haranguing Americans about threats to their well-being since the onset of World War II, most citizens have come to accept unquestioningly the idea that there is a need for a national dirty tricks apparatus, though heretofore largely suppressed evidence indicates that there isn't. This mass illusion has misdirected the nation's priorities and debased its moral sense.

So Pike's exposure of the CIA-administration desire to hide the truth about the secret "other state" is refreshing. The Congressman says point-blank that CIA-administration intransigence prevents Congress from fulfilling its oversight responsibilities. "For decades," Pike told an administration witness, "other committees of the Congress have not done their jobs and you've loved it in the executive branch. You come up here and whisper in one friendly Congressman's ear, and in my opinion that's why we're in the mess we're in. . . ."

The four-word fracas (the administration said that release of the words, "and greater communications security," was damaging in the context of the documents Pike's committee made public) arose from the committee's investigation of the CIA's intelligence performance just prior to the 1973 Middle East war. But the important issue here is not whether CIA spying was inadequate two years ago but rather who is to determine what Congress and the American people are to know about CIA operations.

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The latest investigations indicate that the CIA has become too dangerous and unwieldy for even the usually complacent members of Congress to stomach. Tom Wicker is correct when he writes that the administration's refusal to supply needed information concerning the CIA makes one doubt that the agency can be reformed within this structure of secrecy. Wicker suggests that its abolition may be the only feasible course for change. Though he has not yet publicly raised this possibility, Pike seems headed in that direction.

The Double Dip

The correspondence, copies of office memos, and oral testimony presented by Lockheed officials to the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations present a detailed picture of the company's active efforts to buy influence with governments in Saudi Arabia, Iran, Jordan, the Philippines and Indonesia. In a period of five years, Lockheed spent $106 million in Saudi Arabia in "agents' commissions," some of which were intended as bribes to various officials. Overall, the company has admitted to paying $202 million in agents' commissions of which at least $22 million was specifically for bribes.

It wasn't always easy to arrange the bribes. Lockheed did not like to deal directly with the recipients, whereas the latter disliked working through intermediaries who would have to be given a cut. Then, too, company officials found it hard on occasion to determine who had influence, and how much, with the particular regime; which former officials and politicians were still "in" and which were "out." But it was able—at least in Indonesia—to enlist the aid of the U.S. Air Force attaché at the Embassy who, in turn, sought and received the assistance of the CIA. In a refreshingly frank examination of Daniel J. Haughton, Lockheed's board chairman, Sen. Joseph Biden (D., Del.) established the existence of a "double dip" effect in these payments. The company added the expense of the commissions and bribes to the contract price paid by the buyer and then made a profit on the fees and bribes because the company's profit had been set as a percentage of the total.

Worth noting—in addition to the fact that overseas representatives of the Air Force and the CIA, in at least one instance, had knowledge of such transactions and cooperated with the company—is the fact that Lockheed's attempts to buy influence, which have seriously damaged its reputation, parallel somewhat similar efforts by the U.S. State Department to gain favor with foreign heads of state by the use of aid funds. President Mobutu of Zaïre was, of course, brought to power and sustained by American military and financial backing. Of late, however, he has become captious and difficult. So, reports Michael R. Codel in *The Washington Post*, the State Department is trying to renew his active good will with a $50-million aid package described as "the official and diplomatic version of the corporate bribery needed to conduct business in countries like Zaïre." The use of aid funds to buy influence with unstable, corrupt and invariably repressive regimes is, in the long term, almost certainly a self-defeating strategy and no substitute for a sound U.S. foreign policy. Legitimate aid is one thing; using aid funds for the primary purpose of trying to buy the good will of the likes

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The Nation is published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23) by the Nation Company and copyright 1975 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $17.50; two years, $30. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

THE NATION

Volume 221
No. 9

The Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee

SEP 23 76
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of Mobutu is something else. Mutual respect should be the basis of American foreign policy, as it should be in the dealings between multinational corporations seeking to do business with overseas regimes. It may be naive, in today's world, to stress such a standard, but a survey of the results when multinational corporations and the State Department have sought to buy influence might well show that the bribers have not been nearly as clever and realistic as they fancy themselves. In both areas, the excuse offered has been the necessity to "meet the competition"; but how do we know that, in the long term, mutual respect might not be a better means to this end?

Mr. Bubble

Does President Ford cherish a secret desire to immobilize the Department of the Interior during the energy crisis? The nomination of Stanley Hathaway of Wyoming was calculated to arouse opposition and did so, for it was not, by ordinary political standards, a good nomination. Hathaway, who had a rough time at the hearings on his appointment, suffered a nervous breakdown after his confirmation and then resigned. But if his credentials were at best mediocre, they shine when compared with those of the man the President has named to succeed him—Thomas Kleppe of North Dakota.

By all accounts, Kleppe is a man of limited intellectual horizons, to put it mildly; a die-hard, conservative Republican with a woeful lack of insight into economic and social issues. A millionaire, he was for years connected with a corporation that prospered mightily by marketing, among other products, a bubble bath (Mr. Bubble) and a bleach (Snowy Bleach). He has been Mayor of Bismarck (1950-54) and served a term in Congress to which, as a Republican, he was elected by a narrow margin, indicating that even in a rock-ribbed Republican district he was not wildly popular. He opposed Sen. Quentin Burdick in 1964 and again in 1970, and was defeated in both campaigns, the last time by nearly a 2-to-1 margin. In order to induce him to make the campaign against Burdick in 1970, President Nixon promised him an important federal post if he was defeated. Thus, he became head of the Small Business Administration, where he has served with singular lack of distinction. Indeed, he has been a highly partisan administrator who has given key appointments to GOP hacks and hangers-on. A hawk on the war in Vietnam, he consistently charged those who did not share his views on the issue with being unpatriotic, and his Senate campaign tactics were extremely rough. One North Dakota source told *The Nation* that Kleppe has "about the intellectual depth of President Ford," which is doubtless why the President likes him. He also happens to be a friend of Donald Rumsfeld.

How can the President, in all conscience, nominate men such as Hathaway and Kleppe to be Secretary of the Interior at a time when, even more than in the past, the post requires an administrator of vision, integrity and outstanding ability? The GOP is not totally bereft of talent; Senator Percy continues to recommend excellent men and women for appointive posts. What is baffling about both nominations is that they make such little political sense from the President's point of view. An excellent appointment would be the best politics. It is also disappointing that North Dakota residents, out of loyalty, have been reluctant to say publicly what they really think about Kleppe. Blood may be thicker than water, but do statehood loyalties transcend the national interest? The nomination should be briskly rejected. Rep. Morris Udall has said why: "Tom Kleppe . . . is a decent man, but first and foremost a conservative Republican who has never demonstrated expertise in sensitive areas of the environment and resource conservation that head the list of the Secretary's duties."

Gunning for Trouble

Within the same week, the nation saw this month two striking examples of the need for comprehensive gun control and for an effective counterweight to the political and economic power of the National Rifle Association. The gun pointed at President Ford in Sacramento was a Colt .45 made for the government in 1911 and sold as Army surplus two years later. When it came into the news after more than sixty years of circulation, it was owned by Harold Boro, according to the FBI a "sugar daddy" for two Manson women. Ironically, or perhaps saliently, the weapon would not be banned by Ford's own tepid proposals for Congressional gun-control legislation.

The NRA, of course, not only wants to see Boro's Colt .45 remain in circulation but has traditionally and successfully opposed any Congressional effort at saving lives through the control of firearms. That lack of sufficient controls leads to specific patterns of death was recently illustrated by Norman Pearlstine who, writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, pointed out that assassination attempts in Japan, where guns are generally banned, have been largely unsuccessful because bombs, knives and unwieldy clubs just don't do the job that a gun does. Yet despite the inevitable consequences of a free market in guns, the NRA persists. During the week of the Sacramento incident, the lobby showed that it considers ignorance of the consequences of gunfire essential to its political strategy. Anticipating a CBS News documentary that made vivid the hardly sporting nature of contemporary hunting, gun lobbyists evidently intimidated all but one of the scheduled advertisers—the Block Drug Co.—into last-minute canceling of their sponsorship. According to the New York *Daily News*, Carnation, Teledyne and Datsun were among the companies withdrawing their commercials. Despite an estimated loss of $100,000 in advertising, CBS ran the program anyway—and plans a September 28th follow-up on the controversy raised by the initial broadcast. For its efforts, CBS may also have to endure a Federal Communications Commission investigation. The FCC says it is considering charging the network with a fairness doctrine violation and will be scrutinizing the follow-up program with its own conception of the doctrine in mind. Not only does the FCC threat of action constitute an unconscionable attempt at intimidation—and, once again, show that the commissioners either don't or won't understand that the intent of the doctrine was to encourage controversy and not stifle it—it smacks of additional gun-lobby influence.

The polls say 67 per cent of all Americans favor firearm controls and 41 per cent support an outright ban on handguns. Evidently the public has not been fooled by

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NRA mumbo jumbo. Enough would seem to have been written about the need for gun control to make the case conclusively, but past Congressional unresponsiveness indicates more than rational argument is needed to beat the gun toters' advocates in government. The key may have been offered in last week's issue of *The Nation* by James Wright: until now we have not understood who the gun owners and advocates are socioeconomically. Though many have suspected that the NRA's constituency tended to be among the least affluent and educated in the society, Wright reported the actual alignment is closer to the reverse. The correlations he has discovered should be quite useful to any attempt at mobilizing gun-wary Americans to counter the NRA, which is precisely what needs to be done. One group trying to organize for gun control has been DISARM, whose national advisory council is chaired by Ramsey Clark. DISARM's four-point program:

—A ban on private possession of handguns and handgun ammunition.

—Federal licensing (and limiting) of gun owners.

—Registration of all firearms.

—Federal control of manufacture, importation and sale of guns, gun parts and ammunition.

The next few years promise to be unusually good ones for gun-control advocates in Congress—if they receive wide constituent support and if they pursue acceptable legislation vigorously. The NRA may have betrayed its heavy hand once too often. Equally strong and insistent support for gun-control legislation is developing. As Wright noted, an estimated 8,000 Americans will be intentionally shot to death next year. Though no more welcome, attacks with knives and clubs would lead to many fewer fatalities.

ANNOUNCEMENT

In a statement issued to the press this week jointly with James and Linda Storrow, publisher and associate publisher, I announced my resignation as editor of *The Nation*, to take effect December 31, 1975. I said in that statement: "I came to New York in the spring of 1951 to edit a special civil liberties issue of *The Nation*, thinking the assignment might take a month or six weeks to execute. But once here I was prevailed upon to join the staff and have remained for nearly a quarter of a century. Now the time has come to move on. There are some books I want to write and if they are to be written, starting at age 70, I must get at them. Although I had no desire to move from California to New York, much less to suspend work on pending book projects, I cherish the years spent in New York with *The Nation*. For me these years have been a strenuous, exciting and instructive experience. It has been a privilege to serve *The Nation.*"

The Nation represents a remarkable tradition in American journalism. The editorial guidelines set forth by E.L. Godkin, Frederick Law Olmsted and their associates—in another time of confusion, uncertainty and impending change—are as valid today as they were on July 6, 1865. Editors have come and gone—Godkin, Villard, Gruening, Kirchwey and others—but the concept has remained essentially the same. More than any other, this consideration accounts for the magazine's continuity and relevance. Those who know this tradition revere it as I do.

To our readers, I would like to express my appreciation of their loyalty, interest and active participation. I want also to thank all those friends—too numerous to mention here—who during my editorship have generously contributed to the support of the magazine and its projects. A long list of distinguished contributors have my thanks for their continued cooperation and responsiveness. Nor can I give adequate expression to *The Nation*'s splendid staff for their friendship and support. I will always be indebted to such highly esteemed colleagues as Robert Hatch, Carl Dreher, Victor Bernstein, Marion Hess, Phil Kerby, Gifford Phillips, Robert Sherrill and Fred J. Cook, among others, for their invaluable support and assistance. To publishers Freda Kirchwey, George Kirstein, and James and Linda Storrow go my thanks and deep appreciation of their generosity, loyalty, patience, wise guidance, friendship and dedication to *The Nation.*

Carey McWilliams

It is more than a little painful to contemplate the coming departure of Carey McWilliams from this office. He has guided *The Nation* superbly for twenty years; doubtless to most of our younger readers he *is* *The Nation.* For nearly a fifth of this publication's long life he has been its editor; its present character has been very largely shaped by him. His imprint will remain.

Carey McWilliams's excellence as an editor has had very little to do with the traditional blue pencil. Throughout his stewardship here, his outstanding quality has been what I would call prescience. He has unerringly spotted tomorrow's trend, next year's social issue, a coming crisis far in advance—and known exactly where to find the writer to illumine it. Few editors, anywhere, can match his record for hitting distant targets.

Carey McWilliams is one of this country's most valuable citizens. *The Nation* might well be accused of having monopolized a national asset for too long a time. When he leaves here it will be with my own deep gratitude and the expectation that for many more years his voice will be heard, whether here in Manhattan or from across the country.

His successor will not be announced until the end of the year, when his resignation takes effect. Of course there will be change—*The Nation* has been in a state of constant change for 110 years—but this magazine's character and purpose, so well kept alive and strong during Carey McWilliams's years, will not change. That is a pledge Linda Storrow and I make to all our readers, friends and supporters.

James J. Storrow Jr.

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BOOBY TRAPS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Who Are the Palestinians?

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Beirut

It is a widely if not universally accepted tenet these days that there can be no permanent peace in the Middle East without taking the Palestinians into account.

But who are the Palestinians? What do they want? For a number of reasons, surprisingly little is known about these energetic and imaginative people, who have been wandering about the past twenty-seven years in a Diaspora of their own.

It is equally true that current efforts to de-fuse the Middle East situation have not even touched upon the issue of the Palestinians. Yet they are a growing force on the world political scene. Backed by the new-found political might of Arab oil, they have broken out of the diplomatic and political isolation they suffered in the past. Yasir Arafat, their most widely accepted spokesman, has addressed the United Nations, and the heavy voting bloc of Third World and Communist nations is gradually but inexorably isolating Israel in the ancillary agencies of the world body.

In short, the Palestinians are slowly winning both respectability and recognition. They have done it the hard, often brutal way, emerging from the depths of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war which ended with Israel in control of vast stretches of Arab territory—the Sinai peninsula, the West Bank area of old Palestine, and the strategic Golan Heights in Syria. Despairing of hope in their Arab brethren, they formed into guerrilla organizations and raided into Israeli-occupied territories, hijacked airliners, used terror as an instrument and engaged in a bitter internecine struggle for supremacy.

There were setbacks: the guerrilla organizations were thrown out of Jordan in a civil war in 1970, and more than once have been involved in bitter and inconclusive rounds of civil strife in Lebanon. But their political stature slowly grew, not only among the Communist and Third World nations but in the West as well. Arafat met with the French Foreign Minister, and his offices in Beirut and Damascus are regular stopping-off points for a host of West European and American political leaders on Middle East tours.

Despite all this, perhaps never before in history has so little been known about a people seemingly destined to play a crucial role in the history of the next few decades. Arafat and his type of establishment Palestinians no longer talk about throwing the Jews into the sea; instead, they speak of setting up a multiracial society within a democratic framework in old Palestine. But even should that happen, neither Arafat nor anyone else can answer with any great certainty the key question: how many Palestinians would return?

Joe Alex Morris, Jr. is Bonn correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

Half of the perhaps 4 million people who call themselves Palestinians are living in the Diaspora. More than half of these have never seen the promised land—it has been twenty-eight years since these people fled their homes, either from fear of Israeli guns or because they were encouraged to get out of the way by confident Arab leaders. Their children were born in exile, and have now begotten children themselves.

Once huddled miserably in tents in refugee camps in Jordan, Syria, the Gaza Strip and Lebanon, they have spread throughout the Arab world and beyond. The camps themselves have grown into towns, the tents replaced by concrete blockhouses fitted with running water and electricity, with schools and shops around the corner. They are understandably bitter, and not only against the Jews and the big powers they blame for the creation of Israel but toward their Arab hosts as well. Nowhere except in Jordan do they have equal rights: whether still under Israeli control or in the Diaspora, they are second-class citizens.

Yet twenty-eight years after the great exodus, a bewildering complexity among the Palestinian people complicates the search for answers. Belatedly, even some of their own better thinkers have recognized that the resolve to return to the homeland, the first dream drummed into the heads of Palestinian schoolchildren everywhere, is no longer the obvious solution.

Take for example Bader Fahoum and Mahmoud Mohammed el-Jemel. Both are Palestinian, but at first glance, they would seem to have little else in common. Fahoum sits in a wood-paneled, air-conditioned office in Beirut, from which he directs the operations of the Arabian Insurance Co., the biggest in the Arab world. He is rich enough to have survived the loss of $1 million in a Lebanese bank crash a few years ago, his five daughters are university-educated, and his is a two-car family. He wears a Lions Club button in the lapel of his expensive but conservatively cut dark blue suit. El-Jemel is to be found in a refugee camp on the outskirts of Amman, where he operates a hole-in-the-wall shop, repairing stoves. Unlike Fahoum's wife who dresses expensively, el-Jemel's sticks to Palestinian peasant garb. They live with seven of their nine children plus his mother in a two-room concrete blockhouse, and his eldest daughter is illiterate. Their only luxury is a television set, being paid for at a rate of $6 per month.

The two men, both in their 50s, come from different backgrounds. Fahoum was a district officer in the old British mandate of Palestine; el-Jemel was a British Army mess steward. Since his exile, Fahoum has traveled the world on three different passports—Palestinian, Saudi Arabian and now Lebanese—whereas el-Jemel has known only the refugee camps. Yet for the record, both men say they would return to Palestine. "Better a tent in Palestine than a house here," says the ex-mess steward. "Lebanon has been kind to me, but Palestine is my country," adds

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the wealthy Fahoum. One has to be skeptical about such declarations. Would el-Jemel really go back to tent life? Would Fahoum give up the financial empire he has built during the past three decades?

One of the problems in seeking an answer to this question is that The Return, like Motherhood, has for too long been a sacred goal for any Palestinian to express public doubts about it. But a middle-class Palestinian in Amman, speaking off the record, was more open: "If Palestinian nationality were given to us, I would take it. But to go back? I no longer have any place there. No one is going to leave a good job here and live off the air."

A major, immediate problem of any return would be how to squeeze a theoretical 2 million Palestinians into an already overcrowded land. Somewhat surprisingly, a senior official of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) at its Damascus headquarters readily recognized the problem. "Many will think hard about it," said Mohsin Abu Maizur, the PLO official spokesman. "My guess is that it depends on the opportunities inside and outside Palestine. But we must have citizenship and the right of return."

Israel takes the line that there are far better opportunities for Palestinians outside Palestine. Given the new oil wealth and the headlong development boom taking place in the Arab world, the place for the well-educated Palestinian Arab lies in the Diaspora, not in a homeland which has changed beyond recognition in the past twenty-eight years.

There is some truth in this. The Palestinians form an educated vanguard in the Arab world. Some 90 per cent of them are educated, and there may be 100,000 university graduates in the Diaspora, 10 per cent of them doctors—the highest ratio in the Middle East, including Israel, according to figures made available by the PLO Research Center.

But Palestinian intellectuals such as Nabeel Shaath charge that the Israelis are dodging the issue. Shaath, a 37-year-old assistant professor of business administration at the American University of Beirut, says an integrated Palestinian state including Jews and the Arabs in the Diaspora could easily absorb the Palestinians. "The problem is not economic," Shaath says. "It can be solved by the ingenuity of the people plus capital input. Egypt requires more financial aid than a future Palestine would."

Shaath is also director of the PLO's Palestine Planning Center, a body set up seven years ago to plan for the problems of the return—"more than just shouting Palestinian slogans in exile," as he put it. He describes it as "a combination of the Rand Corporation and an educational and social planning institute."

Still, how many would return? "It depends on what kind of Palestine," he says. "If the Arabs were to remain second-class citizens, many would go but many would not." He views the question as academic. "What is important is the question of free choice, both for Palestinians and Israeli Jews. Israel denies this today."

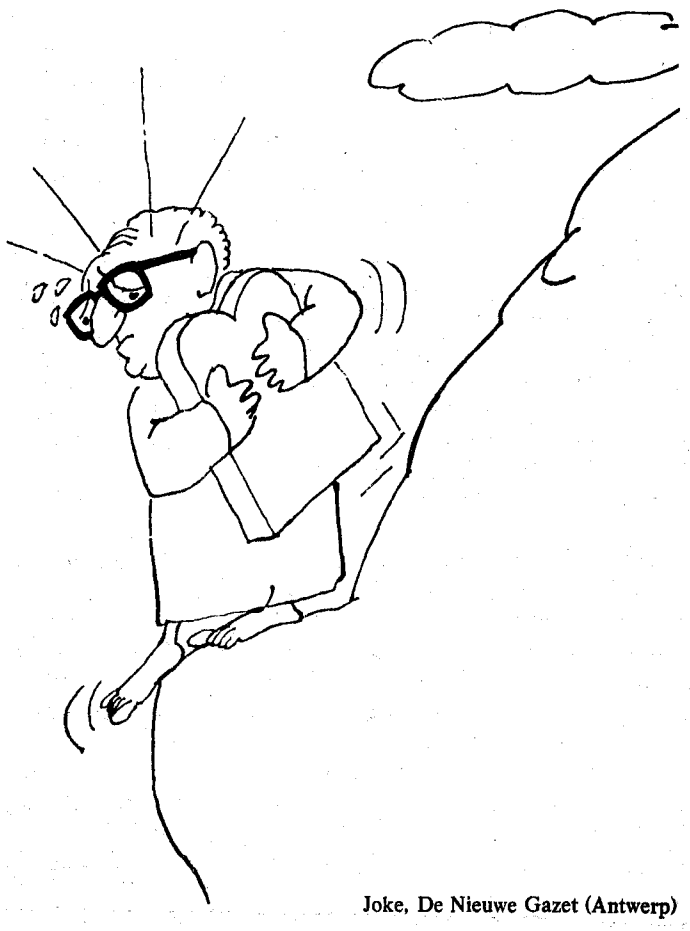
The Planning Center has made a start toward preparing the Palestinians for this choice, however remote it may seem today. "We are trying to re-educate the people in the camps to the two conditions of return," Shaath says. He defined them as the facts that Palestine must be shared with the Jews now there and that it is a different Palestine from the one they left twenty-eight years ago.

On this line, the center has brought out a series of new books, designed primarily for schoolchildren. One, called *Beautiful Palestine*, includes pictures of new, Jewish-owned buildings in Tel Aviv. "All of these kids have been brought up on books showing Palestine as it was in 1948," Shaath explains. "We want to show it as it exists today, not just as the site of Palestinian shrines or scenes of old massacres."

The Palestinians in exile have done best in Jordan, the only country where they enjoy full rights of citizenship. Many have prospered there, helping to turn King Hussein's fiefdom from a sleepy backwater into a bustling and relatively prosperous state. A Palestinian can get work there, if there is work to be had. He can also get a passport which entitles him to travel widely outside the Arab world, not just a dubious *laissez passer*, or travel document rarely recognized outside the Arab homeland.

There are a million Palestinians in Jordan today; they comprise more than half the population. U.N. statistics show only 600,000 registered refugees there, but that is misleading since the United Nations stopped registering refugees in 1952. But the U.N. figures also show that only 200,000 are still living in refugee camps in Jordan, and that is as good an indication as any available of the integration of the refugees into the kingdom. In addition, many who still live in camps have jobs. Many have prospered. There have been Palestinian Cabinet Ministers in Jordan, and one of the country's four army divisions is now commanded by a Palestinian. They form the bulk of the country's commercial and banking elite.

Despite this, the Palestinians in Jordan may be the first



Joke, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

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to face the dilemma, not of the return but of commitment to the cause. Their equal rights stem back to the annexation of the West Bank by Jordan following the 1947-48 war of partition which created Israel. At the Rabat summit conference of the Arab states last year, King Hussein formally abdicated all claims to the West Bank. Since then, Palestinian leaders have been embroiled in controversy as to whether they should lay formal claim to the area and establish a government in exile—something Egypt's President Anwar el Sadat, among others, is urging them to do.

Such a move would put the Palestinians in Jordan on the spot. Should they pledge allegiance to a new Palestinian government, presumably based in Damascus, or go on quietly doing their thing as *de facto* Jordanians? If this choice becomes urgent, the answer would be one valuable hint for the future.

Compared to their lot elsewhere, the Palestinians in Jordan are well off. The 200,000 in Syria are allowed to work, but like everyone else they are closely controlled and no one is allowed to step out of line. Iraq has offered land and citizenship to all other Arabs, but not the Palestinians. The Iraqis refuse them citizenship because they see that as a weakening of Arab resolve in the Palestinian cause.

The same sort of logic keeps the U.N. Palestine Refugee Organization in desperate financial straits (its scheduled deficit this year is $24 million). Contributions to the well-being of their fellow Arabs from the oil-rich Arab states are a pittance. The reasoning is that the West, which created the Palestine problem, should pay for the refugees.

Open discrimination against Palestinians is most obvious in Lebanon and Kuwait. The United Nations lists show 194,000 refugees in Lebanon, but the total number of Palestinians in the country is probably twice that, or close to 10 per cent of the population.

Lebanon is a poor, overpopulated country with virtually no resources other than the talents of its people, and absorption of the Palestinians there has been difficult. Only 23,000 have received work permits, which usually entail a fat payoff somewhere along the line, and probably another 60,000 work without permits, which means low wages and no protection.

In addition, legally employed Palestinian workers have to contribute to the Lebanese Social Security fund, but get no benefits from it. "The government here treats our workers as foreigners," said Zeid Wahhabi, secretary of the Lebanese branch of the Communist-oriented Palestinian Trade Unions Federation.

Some 60,000 Palestinians have received Lebanese citizenship, either by buying it or to improve the Christian weight in the delicate confessional balance there, or both (see article by Irene L. Gendzier, this issue). Although the vast majority are Moslems, there are Christian Palestinians. Getting citizenship was easier in the past, more difficult now—meaning that the price has gone up.

Bourj el-Barrajna is one of three major Palestinian camps on the outskirts of Beirut, a place of open drains and concrete blockhouses, many of them with TV antennas sprouting from their flat rooftops. Many of its men have jobs, and they tell convincing stories of discrimination. Some, like Darwish el Jisry, have no way to fight back. He has a wife and seven children, but no work permit. The 61-year-old laborer had been making $4 a day working a nine-hour shift on a rock crusher before the recent civil strife in Lebanon cost him his job. He was paid the same rate as Syrian casual labor on the job. The Lebanese got more, he said, in addition to family allowances.

Maher, Al Gomhouria (Cairo)

Ahmed Samarra, a 39-year-old waiter, was lounging about in pajama bottoms and an undershirt before going to work. He had been working four years at the same restaurant, and was now making $140 a month. Lebanese started on the same job, he said, at $160 a month. Mohammed Zabout, 39, has a work permit. It costs him $23 a year, and after eight years on his job he has reached the level of the starting salary paid Lebanese workers—$148 per month. And a Lebanese in his position would get another $34 in family allowances as well.

The Palestinians naturally resent their second-class status. They also tend to keep to themselves, in this case a camp complete with protective earthworks thrown up during the recent fighting and with a Palestinian flag waving atop. Even though they are working, none of these men had any desire to move out of the camp into better quarters. Was it pressure from the Palestinian leadership to keep up the refugee image?

"We like to live with our fellow Palestinians," said Ahmed Samarra. But questions about the return caught them unprepared, and their answers dissolved into a welter of ifs and buts and it was difficult to equate their obvious discontent with the uncertainties of the future.

Kuwait is unique in the history, or tragedy, of the Palestinian Diaspora. It is the only Arab state not on

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Israel's periphery that has been subjected to a mass invasion by Palestinians. The 1970 census put their number at 147,696, or 16 per cent of the population. Since then, Palestinians say, the total has risen to 200,000.

Kuwait was also unique in that it offered jobs to practically everyone. The oil boom began there about the time of the Palestinian exodus, and there were jobs for the asking. But there has been trouble in this steamy welfare state too. The Palestinians quickly found themselves to be outsiders in a close-knit local society, unable to own land or run a business without a Kuwaiti silent partner who held 51 per cent ownership.

Pay discrimination is both open and legal. There are two salary scales, one for Kuwaitis and another for the rest. A second wave of Palestinians arrived in Kuwait after the 1967 war, and this increased the problems of Palestinians and other outsiders. Many of the second wave were uneducated or unskilled, and the admirable cradle-to-grave educational and Social Security systems built with oil money simply couldn't cope.

The school system is now operated on a Kuwaitis-first basis, with outsiders taking their chances on getting their children into the few remaining slots. As a result, the PLO has been forced to set up its own school system, using government facilities after the Kuwaiti classes are out, mainly in the afternoon and evenings. Private schools have sprung up for those who can afford them.

The Kuwaiti boom has meant high costs of living, and the torrid climate makes air conditioning not an expensive luxury but a necessity. For a Palestinian making $150 a month—and some don't get more—it's debatable whether it is worth while to stay in Kuwait. Many, in fact, have left for greener pastures further down the Gulf, where the oil boom is just getting underway. Still, many Palestinians have found relative happiness in Kuwait. "Life is comfortable here," said Reyad S. Hijazi, an executive with the Arab Maritime Petroleum Transport Co., "but you never forget you are here as a foreigner." Would he go back to Palestine? "Many wouldn't go. They might build their summer homes there, but even people in the camps would happily work abroad."

Is there, then, any answer? At this stage little can be said with certainty. But the Palestinians in the Diaspora are not a monolithic body subscribing wholeheartedly and unthinkingly to an unattainable goal. Too many have carved new lives out of the wilderness that was their post-1947 world.

But that world is changing rapidly too. Will the oil-rich Arabs, basking in their unspendable millions, begin to lose their zeal for the Palestinian cause? Or will they use their newly discovered oil weapon to try to impose a Palestinian settlement on the world? The ultimate answer, if there is to be one, has to be a combination of all these factors and more. Certainly it must lie somewhere between the extremes of return and nonreturn. □

Lebanon: Mosaic of Hostilities

IRENE L. GENDZIER

Beirut

Although the Lebanese crisis of the late spring and summer of 1975 cannot be understood without taking the whole Arab-Israeli problem into consideration, it is also a crisis whose roots are profoundly local. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that many observers see the current relative calm as an intermittent truce, none of the essential problems that gave rise to the civil war having been satisfactorily resolved. This is not to say that civil war will inevitably resume; it merely underlines the fragility of the current situation and the complexity of the problems involved. The present "government of national salvation," headed by Prime Minister Rashid Karameh, was formed at the end of June. By that time there had been nearly three months of bitter fighting, mainly in Beirut, between various political factions—notably the right-wing Phalangist Party—and the Palestinians in Lebanon. It is estimated that the civil strife resulted in no less than 1,200 to 2,300 dead, with an estimated 4,000 to 16,000 wounded. Economic losses have been placed at $1.33 billion. The prospect of continued fighting has raised doubts about Lebanon's ability to remain the economic middleman of the Middle East, a center which has consistently attracted Western businessmen in pursuit of Middle Eastern profit. In practice, few businesses have left Beirut, and it is reported that those that did close had planned to do so before the "events," as they are commonly called. Veteran residents of foreign origin regard the situation as distressing but the acute period appears to have passed, at least for the moment, attention being diverted somewhat to the shuttle diplomacy of Henry Kissinger and the implications of the interim Israeli-Egyptian accord. These matters are, of course, of immediate consequence for Lebanon, since they affect its southern neighbor, Israel, whose attacks in the Lebanese south—and recently in the central region of Baalbek—have become a daily occurrence.

However, few believe that the accord will fundamentally alter Israel's policies toward the Palestinians and particularly the PLO, whose forces are concentrated in Lebanon. Palestinian incursions into Israel from Lebanese territory have brought a policy of consistent attacks into the southern area of the country, making it essentially a no-man's land. The inability of the Lebanese Government to respond in a manner that would guarantee the safety of its citizens, not to speak of the Palestinians in the southern camps, has exposed its weakness from a political as well as a military standpoint. This has raised the problem of Lebanese-Palestinian relations, much as it has severely tried Lebanese-Israeli relations. Until 1967 the Lebanese Government, at least publicly, supported the Palestinian cause. Later, it found itself faced with the imperative of

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Rashid Karameh

adopting a position toward the Palestinian Resistance which emerged after the June defeat, quite apart from its abstract endorsement of the Palestinian cause. There is no doubt that the effect of an organized Palestinian movement on internal Lebanese political life has become one of the critical elements in the current crisis. Indeed, political parties and the multiple factions which coexist with them can be differentiated in part by their stands on this issue. And it is characteristic of the contemporary political structure of Lebanon that the most active and vocal opposition groups support the Palestinian Resistance and are also generally outside the traditional political framework.

At the heart of the present crisis is the very conception of Lebanon that has existed since its independence in 1944. The most important right-wing parties, the Phalangists headed by Pierre Gemayel and the National Liberal Party led by Camille Chamoun, argue that support of the Palestinian Resistance is dangerous for at least two reasons: it invites further Israeli attacks in the south, and it perpetuates what the Right perceives as the alliance of the Palestinian Resistance with the "International Left," which includes the Lebanese Left. This combination of factors they see as actively undermining the predominantly Christian character of the Lebanese state.

That consideration brings up the subject of confessionalism, or communalism, as some prefer to call it. By whatever name, it describes an aspect of the Lebanese scene that cannot be ignored, despite the evident class conflict and social turmoil which exist along with it. What is special about Lebanon is not that it is a religious mosaic but that the mosaic has found expression in the political structure of the country through the National Pact. This unwritten accord, agreed upon in 1943 and worked out by a number of politicians, many of whom are still in power, guaranteed the privileged position of the Lebanese Christians, who were then a majority, vis-à-vis the Muslims. According to what is referred to as the last reliable census (taken in 1943), Christians represented 51.2 per cent of the population, a slim margin. Today, it is estimated that Christians account for only 40 per cent of the population, the Muslims making up the balance. The extent to which the National Pact was biased in favor of Christians seemed justified, to some at least, by that group's numerical superiority. The reluctance to take a new official census arises from a recognition that the balance has shifted in the years since the National Pact took effect.

Furthermore, neither the Christians nor the Muslim community is solidly unified. It is estimated, for instance, that there are no less than eighteen different sects in Lebanon, including Judaism, although the relatively small Jewish community does not pose the kind of problems that arise from the rivalry between the other religious factions. Projects of electoral reform, supported by the Center, and even more strongly by the Left, are regarded as radical precisely because they seek to dislodge and disrupt the system of voting and political representation based on religious identification. That the National Pact is now contested by parties that must be defined according to their political and not their confessional status suggests that the issue of confessionalism is being challenged on other than religious grounds.

The "events" of last spring and summer affected all of these issues. Beginning with the tense Lebanese-Palestinian situation, the struggle rapidly became one among political parties and groups representing both confessional and social differences. This aspect of the conflict was of purely internal origin, pitting traditional parties and their adherents against those who represent an unorthodox element in Lebanese politics because they function largely outside the establishment structure, which they reject and which effectively excludes them. Although they are far from representing all political organizations in the country, the following are some of the principal parties currently active. On the Right, the two mentioned earlier, the National Liberal Party and the Phalangists, are of paramount importance. In the Center is an assortment of small groups and leaders, among whom is the recently organized Democratic Party. On the Left, aside from the smaller groupings of anti-Sadat Nasserites, Baathists and supporters of the Palestinian Resistance, are the Progressive Socialist Party, the Organization of Communist Action in Lebanon and the Lebanese Communist Party. Closer inspection of the political spectrum would also reveal parties and groups formed around individuals who have strong clannish as well as political support, the two not always being identical.

It is notable that although there are differences between the National Liberal Party and the Phalangists, they are more tactical than substantive. It is often remarked, however, that Camille Chamoun's strength in the NLP rests on the charismatic personality he uses so effectively, whereas supporters of Pierre Gemayel observe that the Phalangist Party organization is stronger than its leader. The two

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parties have in common a vision of Lebanon based on the supremacy of the Christians, particularly the Maronites and, according to one of Chamoun's supporters, the Druze as well. While both also claim to speak for the Lebanese Muslims, who are described as closer than ever to the Christians after the recent "events," it is obvious that in the balance of Christians and Muslims it is the former who dominate. The parties share a tendency to talk in confessional terms, as well as to blame all of Lebanon's recent troubles on the presence of the Palestinians, the arms and the ideologies they have brought with them. It would not be incorrect to say that both are somewhat conciliatory toward Israel, expressing in some instances an admiration for its accomplishments, but more often emphasizing the common experience of being a surrounded minority. In the case of Gemayel and one of his younger lieutenants who spoke for the party, such sentiments were expressed along with observations of an anti-Semitic nature that rendered all praise for a Judeo-Muslim-Christian Lebanon mere lip service. The position on Jews and on Israel expressed by the Phalangists I interviewed bears a remarkable likeness to the pro-Israel feelings of anti-Arab Frenchmen—a response geared more to anti-Arabism than to genuine support of Israel. There may be a good deal more to this analogy, since the Lebanese Right often appears to be uncomfortable, or at best, highly ambivalent, when facing its Arab Muslim neighbors. It is not Arabism that is suspect but the Muslim identification with Arabism that has posed innumerable difficulties for Lebanon in the past. While there are doubtless differences between them, both the Phalangists and the National Liberal Party made it a point that they did not want to lose the Christian character of Lebanon, though they acknowledged the presence of a Muslim population with which they maintain they live in harmony, if not on an equal level. Both parties are of course staunch supporters of the 1943 National Pact.

The Democratic Party of the Center, small and relatively new, shares almost none of the assumptions of either right-wing party. It and other centrist groups see themselves as liberal, reformist and nationalist. The Democratic Party is made up primarily of professionals who regard themselves as modernizing technocrats and have little patience with the traditionalism of orthodox groups to their Right. They are anti-sectarian, favor a separation of church and state, and support the Left platform of electoral reform in which religion would effectively become a private matter.

On numerous issues, though not in any formal manner, the centrist Democratic Party supports the Left. The latter, however, represents a more sizable following with considerable experience. There are the Communist parties cited earlier, the Organization of Communist Action in Lebanon and the Lebanese Communist Party, and non-Communist leftist groups that range from the anti-Sadat Nasserites to others who share a well-articulated opposition to the *status quo*. Their activities in the recent "events" make them a political grouping to be reckoned with. The Progressive Socialist Party leader, Kemal Jumblatt, who has been in the Cabinet as an acknowledged spokesman of the Left and an avowed supporter of the Palestinian Resistance in Lebanon, recently issued a statement summarizing the common platform of Left parties. Although abridged, it underlined several key issues: the suppression of political confessionalism in any form, the introduction of comprehensive electoral reforms to replace the existing system with a system of proportional representation (every 1,200 voters to be given the right to have a deputy in Parliament) and voting rights extended to 18-year-olds, and the creation of an economic and social council to oversee the larger problems facing the nation. Opposition to the confessional system is a critical feature of the program. Left parties point out that, although their base of support was noticeably broadened in the recent civil war, they are not represented in the existing political structure. Electoral reform, then, is considered a radical measure of importance, as is the dissolution of the National Pact, which would inevitably follow from substantial reforms of the kind envisioned. Talking with representatives of the Left, one is struck by how different their analysis of the crisis and its possible outcome is from, say, that of the Phalangists. Free of the inextricable association of Lebanon with Christian exclusiveness, the Left refuses to categorize the partisans of the struggle in confessional terms alone, and cites as factors of vital importance to be dealt with the evident class differences existing in both Christian and Muslim communities. It is interesting to note that a recent grouping calling itself "Les chrétiens engagés," operating primarily in the Christian communities and focusing on social action within an ideological context that is both Christian and leftist, is bitterly condemned by the Right. Yet at no time in discussions with either a Chamoun partisan or with Gemayel himself, or indeed with his spokesman, were socioeconomic problems mentioned. Rather, the refrain was that Muslims of the lower classes have been infiltrated by the Left and the Palestinians, working together against the interests of the state—as represented by the Right. The internal situation

Yasir Arafat

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preoccupies the Left. It understands that it is no longer possible to ignore the social conflicts that have come to characterize Lebanese life in the wake of recent economic transformations. It does not dismiss the problems represented by the influx of foreigners, invariably referred to as "the minorities," but seeks to grapple with the startling fact that Palestinians, Syrians and other foreign groups now resident in Lebanon constitute an estimated 30 per cent of the population of the service economy. Opposed to the perpetuation of the service economy, which has become Lebanon's way of economic life, the Left is elaborating a program of social and economic reform that would do away with the remnants of feudalism and the exclusive control of the economy by Lebanon's privileged minority. All this adds up to what would be a state far removed from that supported by either the Phalangists or the National Liberal Party. But it appears to be one in closer touch with the actual problems and needs of Lebanese society.

Despite their differences, most parties in Lebanon share one characteristic: they are armed. This highly controversial and dangerous aspect of the current Lebanese scene is bitterly disputed by those involved. Where the arms come from is as sensitive an issue as their purported use. Most partisans claim that arms have been obtained in legitimate fashion and without the aid of foreign sources. In fact, Lebanon is reported to be a well-stocked arms market, with cash rather than supplies the essential ingredient. There is no doubt that the sources of arms are amazingly varied, some being purchased on the local market, others acquired through foreign intermediaries, in the Arab world and in Europe. Libya and Iraq are consistently cited as active in the arms supply to Lebanese parties and groups. In addition, Libya supports left-wing Lebanese newspapers because it finds their anti-Egyptian policies to its liking and even if it otherwise disagrees with the editorial policy of a particular newspaper. Iraq supports anti-Syrian factions of the Baath Party in order to reinforce its own position. In the recent crisis, the Left obtained arms from the Palestinian Resistance, in addition to its independent purchases abroad. The Phalangists obtained arms in Jordan and from NATO, through the help of Iran. Photographs of Israeli weapons in Phalangist hands have raised the question of their origin. It might be noted that Phalangist spokesmen denied that any weapons used by the party had come from foreign sources, asserting that all party militants had to purchase their own weapons with their own funds—a hardly plausible story when the nature of the weapons used is considered. Camille Chamoun, on the other hand, whose party also disavows foreign support for arms purchases, is known as a highly successful arms tradesman who was making considerable profit in the business well before the recent "events." Newsmen who have been watching the Lebanese scene since the truce have commented that what is happening is less a political readjustment than a restocking of arms supplies for the next round. That may well be, since the answers to the question why the arms, and against whom, reveals the profundity of the crisis as well as the acknowledged anxiety which the arms supplies have provoked.

One of Chamoun's close confidants noted recently that the practice of arming is not new and that Lebanese nationalists have taken refuge in their well-stocked mountain fastnesses from time immemorial. Other partisans agree that the Lebanese arms market is indeed not new, but add that now it is being put to internal use in an intensely aggravated situation. The Phalangists claim that they need arms only because of the Palestinian Resistance, which is itself armed. They justify their elaborate paramilitary activity as an attempt to protect Lebanon and their Phalangist supporters from the independent and aggressive behavior of the Resistance in Lebanon. To what extent were the "events" an outgrowth of such considerations?

The crisis of last spring and summer began on April 13 with an incident at Ain el Remmaneh, a Christian neighborhood in a Beirut suburb; a bus carrying Palestinians and Lebanese was ambushed and it is widely agreed, though denied by the Phalangists, that the Phalangist Party was responsible. Phalangist hostility to the Resistance had shown itself repeatedly on earlier occasions, but the Ain el Remmaneh incident set off a wave of reactions throughout the country, extending the impact of the clash in a serious way. In various places, confrontations occurred between Phalangists and their supporters and the Palestinians, backed by the Lebanese Left. Neither the intervention of Kemal Jumblatt, nor the arrival of Mahmoud Riad, Secretary-General of the Arab League, succeeded in curbing the fighting that quickly reached the proportions of a civil war. A few days later, Prime Minister Rashid Solh announced a cease-fire, but within a month he himself resigned. His resignation came in a fiery speech, considered one of the most forceful of his career, in which he blamed Ain el Remmaneh directly on the Phalangists and criticized the army for its role in the fighting.

By the end of May, as the fighting began to extend outside the capital, President Suleiman Frangieh announced the formation of a military government. Parties of the Left as well as many in the Center, both Christian and Muslim, opposed the establishment of a military government and promised a general strike. The reaction was massive and brought down the military government in short order. On the 26th of May the military government resigned to be replaced two days later with Prime Minister Rashid Karameh who was given the task of forming a Cabinet. Support mobilized by the Left was now applied to prevent the inclusion of Phalangists in any new government, a position that reflected the continued tension and fighting between Phalangists and the Left throughout the city. Karameh accepted the demands and in fact the Phalangists are not in the current Cabinet of the government of "national salvation."

That is where the situation now stands. There have been small incidents since the establishment of the Karameh Cabinet, and more may be expected. The big question is whether the government can make the necessary reforms to avert yet another phase in the civil war. Whether or not this is possible depends on the degree of flexibility of those in power, as well as their responsiveness to the problems so dramatically expressed by the "events." What is certain is that the factors which gave rise to the civil war are still there, although the total configuration of political forces has been deeply shaken. □

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INTO THE FIELDS BY SUNRISE

A Ton of Onions Keeps You Even

CHRISTOPHER BIFFLE

Bakersfield, Calif.

Topping onions is a rotten job. It means pulling them out of the ground, clipping the whiskers off the bottom, clipping the green shoots off the top ("topping") and then stuffing them into a gunnysack. The pay is 35 cents a sack where the grass is thin and the onions are easy to get to and 65 cents a sack where the grass is thick. Each sack weighs 75 pounds.

Nobody wants the 65 cent onions: it takes too long to find each one; and they tend to be smaller and harder to pull. To make $10.50 in 35 cent onions, the "good" ones, a worker must pull an incredible 2,250 pounds—more than a ton of onions—clip their whiskers and then their shoots and throw them into thirty gunnysacks.

A very serious man can probably do it. He must start at dawn, take *no* breaks, eat lunch in fifteen minutes and hardly pause to talk or even look around. That is a "good worker." There may be only one man in a crew of fifty who is desperate enough to work so hard for so little. By three in the afternoon, after nine hours, he can look back on a small mountain of bulging sacks; he has made himself $1.16 an hour.

I was not a good worker. I had come down to Bakersfield, Calif. in July with $50 left from picking strawberries; I didn't think I really needed the onion money. I was feeling good; the last day in berries I had made $20 working stooped over from sunrise to sunset, twelve hours. I got up the next morning without an ache, feeling loose and tough.

I looked all over Bakersfield for good work. I talked to labor contractors, the state employment agency that specialized in farm labor (in general, they don't know anything and it is the worst way to find a job), other workers and even winos, but everyone said things were slow. This was July, a peak harvest time, in the middle of the San Joaquin Valley, one of the most highly developed, richest and most diverse farming areas in the world, 300 miles long through the center of California—and things were slow.

There were several reasons. Machines are doing more and more of the work. Only ten years ago men I knew had been able to make a decent wage in cotton; there are thousands and thousands of acres of it in the valley and now I never hear of one boll being picked by hand.

Things were slow also because the peak harvests hit in bursts. I had just missed apricots. Hundreds of acres around Bakersfield had ripened at about the same time and in two weeks they were cleaned out. I was too early for tomatoes. Everyone was nervously waiting for that harvest, eating and drinking up the money they had made in apricots.

Also, there were too many people looking for farm work. Workers had been pouring into the valley since late spring. One had almost to fight for the little work there was, chopping cotton or picking chilies. Most of the people were there illegally from Mexico; at least 90 per cent of the men I worked with were illegal aliens. Almost none of them had cars and were locked into cities like Bakersfield in precarious conditions, until a harvest exploded and the contractors sent in their huge busses. And, finally, things were slow because there had been a cool spring in the valley and everything was about two weeks late.

Only the people who really needed the work went into the onions. That is one of the terrible paradoxes of farm labor—you take the worst jobs only when you absolutely must have the money, and these jobs are the worst because you can't make any money at them. Some of the families who were working with me were sleeping in the weeds beside the field.

Since I had a little money and since I had never done onions, I was working mostly to see how it went. The first morning I got up at 4. A.M., a normal time, forced down a huge breakfast at an all-night freeway restaurant, ordered a lunch to go, and drove about 25 miles south of Bakersfield to where I had heard they were looking for workers. I got to the field just as the sun was rising. A paunchy man (all contractors seem to look amazingly alike) waved me in, told me where to park and had someone else show me where to start in the field.

It was very cool and clear; I kept on my jacket. The first thing I had to pay for was the $2 breakfast I had just eaten—450 pounds of onions. Then I picked the lunch I had brought—about 300 pounds of onions. Then I drew out of the ground the gasoline that got me to work and back—about 100 pounds. I had worked six hours. It was lunchtime, behind me were thirteen full gunnysacks and I still hadn't pulled a room for the night out of the dirt, or my dinner. By the end of the first day I had made $8. Just to survive, day to day, and not sleep in the fields was going to cost about $10. This was the first thing I learned about onions; it would cost me a little money to work there.

I took a very shabby room in a Bakersfield hotel for $5. It looked as though someone had puked on the carpet in front of the dresser and it hadn't been successfully cleaned up. I turned on the shower; out came a jet the size of a pencil. I washed as well as I could, dried, threw my head back on the pillow and fell asleep at seven o'clock, looking out the window at a whore in a cool white dress walking up and down in front of the Greyhound depot.

I got to the field the next morning before I could clearly see my shadow. By the time the sun had got up over the mountains I had straightened up my first sack of onions. I had reached a fairly good part of the field; the grass was thin and none of the onions was smaller than a light bulb. I'd comb the grass to the right or left and then start yank-

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ing the onions out with both hands, transferring them to my right until I had a huge bunch. Then I would pick up the clippers with my left, in three or four strokes cut off the whiskers, hold the onions over a plastic 5-gallon bucket and in two or three strokes clip them from the green shoots I held them by. When the bucket was full I carried it back to the gunnysack and emptied it. About three buckets filled a sack. Working steadily, I averaged about 80 cents an hour. Some people made more, some less.

There always seems to be a short period about the middle of the morning when you have worked the stiffness out of your fingers and your back, when the sun has not begun to draw out your strength, your muscles haven't started to hurt and you feel that you could work forever. Your body gets into a strong smooth rhythm and you take pleasure in the economy and strength of your movements. You have just begun to sweat lightly and it is cooling; you are not working much faster than when you started but it feels like coasting downhill.

Then very small things start to happen: you begin to sweat enough so that your scalp itches under your hat; small, almost tickling pains start at the bottom of your back; after you have squatted for some time and then stand up, your knees are very tender and do not want to unlock; your shirt is finally damp and sticks, blocking any air from your skin; you keep stopping, throwing back your shoulders and pulling the cloth away from your back. The pleasure you felt earlier in the simple stretching and contracting of muscles passes into a kind of drowsing numbness.

And of course each of these things increases rapidly as you become conscious of it—thinking of the heat, it becomes hotter; noticing the ache in your back, it starts really to hurt; knowing your knees will be stiff, you submit to them and begin to move a little like a cripple.

In the early hours of the day you are frequently able to think of other things. As much as anything, it is the sun that determines how much you think. Anytime before eleven o'clock the sun hasn't pushed itself high enough, hasn't contracted on itself enough, to produce a heat that holds you entirely, making you continuously uncomfortable and finally miserable. In the morning, if it is a good job, you can still think of bad jobs and feel even happier. If it is a bad job, you can think of worse ones you have heard about. You can look around and take some pleasure from that. You can think about going to a movie. But then, gradually, the sun begins to seal you more and more inside your skin, holding you to a consciousness of your body, how it is sweating, how it seems to hold the hot air all around it. And as that happens, certain muscles begin to burn and then send out barbs of real pain.

You find easier and easier ways to work slower and slower. In onions, I began by bending from the waist, my knees slightly sagging as I had in strawberries, squatting occasionally to relieve my back. Then I took to working about half and half, stooped over and squatting, doing each to relieve the other. At later stages I began to use my knees, first one, then the other and then both. Finally I passed into a search that ran through all of these postures, quickly found none of them comfortable and ended by simply sitting on the ground for longer and longer periods, dragging myself forward.

By about lunchtime on this second day I had picked exactly what I had on the first—thirteen sacks, $4.55 for nearly six hours. I had started much faster, but had become depressed much more quickly, since I saw that even at top speed in a good section of the field I wasn't going to make anything.

Lunch is a strange thing when you are doing farm work. On jobs that are paid by the hour, when everyone eats at the same time, it becomes, as early as 9:30, a very distant, impossibly distant, beacon—a blessed island of rest. If you ate breakfast at 4 A.M. and don't eat lunch until noon, you must go eight hours without food, five or six of them filled with hard work. On piece-rate jobs, like onions, you can eat when you want, work as fast or slow as you want, for however many hours you want. By 10:30 or 11 I had always broken into my brown sack; nearly everyone ate as early. In effect, what this did was turn all the rest of the day into "afternoon"—a very long contest between your diminishing strength and your steady need for money. I had to work ten hours just to keep from falling too far behind my daily expenses and twelve hours if I wanted to stay about even. That meant that after lunch I had between five and seven hours on the uphill side of the day, when there was nothing to expect except that it would get hotter.

Moreover, lunch is something from which you must recover. Since you relax as entirely as you can, finding shade somewhere, eating slowly, thinking about other things, lying down for a short time, you break the accumulated rhythm of the work, which in part had kept you going. Your muscles have passed into something like a coma, your body has cooled off too completely, and your entire energy has sunk around the minor feast in your stomach. This is the time when someone says, "If I don't get up now, I never will." It is true.

You drag yourself out of the shade. No! Force your feet to follow each other, going back to the fiendish onions, no! But you get there, pick up your clippers and then, against reason, bend over and start pulling them out of the ground—maybe 1,000 pounds, maybe 1,500, between you and the end.

This is the afternoon. You partially but never entirely recover from the slough of lunch. The wind pauses, goes slack, then vanishes; your face is turned to the ground, it is in a wool mask of hot air; your back and the back of your neck in any position hold the sun steadily upon them; your forearms are so hot that they begin to sting and you put on your wet shirt. Your muscles never recover their morning strength. Those high in your back along each side of the spine ache; the ones lower down, just above and within the girdle of bones around your pelvis, quickly fill and then burst with pain when you lean forward too long. The ground is hard enough to make your knees hurt and you

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do not kneel. Your mind passes from one of these things to the other and as it touches on each one the pain there increases; the others fade but do not disappear.

But it is important to understand that the character of this complex of pain depends a great deal on whether the pay is good or bad. With a good crop, like grapes, strawberries or lettuce, the hardship of the afternoon becomes something to test yourself against, to endure. Each hour is something to overcome, and when you finish you know absolutely that you have won, you have the spoils in your dirty hand; you feel tired but good.

A bad crop, like onions, eats your strength. You don't seem able to do anything but hurt and be hot. You spend more and more time looking around and feeling disgusted. The work takes twice as long and it is the worst part of the day; the time goes rubbery and you want to escape. That is when I would occasionally see new people, usually the younger ones, fall into their cars and drive off without even waiting to collect their money at the end of the day.

After my last day I went back into Bakersfield, got clean, had a good meal and started walking back to my room. I had met a guy the day before in the little lobby who was sure I could get on with him chopping cotton. I wasn't feeling completely satisfied and wanted something sweet. I went into a liquor store, I picked up a Hershey bar and then as a minor treat got another. The clerk said it was 30 cents. I put the coins down, he moved his hand to take them, and then I saw that I had just thrown about 70 pounds of filthy onions onto the counter. □

STREETS WITHOUT CARS

FOOTPOWER IN THE CITIES

WILLIAM J. DEAN and SIMON BREINES

In Greek mythology, Zeus condemns Ixion to Hades, there to revolve on a perpetually rolling wheel. By allowing the automobile to penetrate every crack and crevice of our cities, we have inflicted the same fate on ourselves. The time has come to end the automobile's domination of city life.

Since 1899, when the first American was killed by a car near Central Park in New York, a blood bath has been underway. The city's Traffic Department reports read like battlefield communiqués. Casualties in 1974: 712 killed, 111,156 injured. Street crimes claim far fewer victims. Traffic in urban centers produces noise levels with peaks classified as deafening, the man-made equivalent of thunder. Decibel counts at the Place de l'Opéra in Paris exceed those of Niagara Falls! The economic cost of congestion—in time lost, manpower and fuel—runs into billions. The social cost includes living under continual stress from intimidation by large, fast, noisy vehicles out of harmony with their surroundings. Motor vehicles spew forth 29 tons of carbon monoxide gas a day into New York City's air. To try to stem this outpouring, the city and state in 1973 proposed a transportation controls plan, approved by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), calling for a 50 per cent reduction in passenger car travel by July 1, 1975, for Manhattan below 60th Street. The target date has come and gone; vehicular travel and pollution levels continue to rise.

High carbon monoxide levels are not unique to New York City. In a list of twenty-eight cities compiled by the Council on Municipal Performance, a research group analyzing problems common to major urban centers in the United States, it ranks eleventh on the basis of a sampling average for 1968 to 1973. Baltimore, with a ranking of twenty-eight, has the highest carbon monoxide levels, and Corpus Christi, ranked first, the lowest. Other rankings are: Washington, D.C., 12; Phoenix, 13; San Francisco, 14; Philadelphia, 16; Boston, 17; St. Louis, 18; Atlanta, 20; Los Angeles, 21; Miami, 24; and Chicago, 26.

Federal standards call an area hazardous and unhealthy if it is subjected to more than nine parts per million of carbon monoxide during an eight-hour period at least twice a year, or thirty-five parts per million for two or more one-hour periods during a year. During traffic jams, levels along the street commonly exceed 100 ppm. In New York City ambient air quality standards for vehicular pollution are met only at Christmas and on especially windy days. "What New York City needs," wryly comments an environment official, "are big fans in New Jersey."

The transit fare increase from 35 to 50 cents on New York's subways and busses can only exacerbate the city's traffic, environment and health problems. The EPA estimates that the fare increase will result in a transit ridership reduction of 10 per cent and 95,000 additional vehicles entering Manhattan each weekday. "New York City is already a disaster situation," in the view of Brian Ketcham, author of the 1973 transportation controls plan for the city, and now vice president of Citizens for Clean Air, an activist group.

To date efforts to clean the air have largely been directed at making cars cleaner and smaller, but Henry Ford II has himself written: "None of these changes will do much to relieve traffic congestion or make it easier to get around in cities. . . . For all its flexibility, the car is not the best possible way to get to or move around in very busy places." With President Ford's proposal to freeze emission standards at their present levels for the next five years, even attempts at making cars cleaner seem to be flagging.

Tinkering with the automobile won't solve the problem; we need to end the unrestrained passage of cars in cities. Designed to travel at a mile a minute and faster, the automobile operates best on a reasonably clear, uninterrupted

William Dean is a lawyer and Simon Breines an architect. They are co-authors of The Pedestrian Revolution: Streets Without Cars (*Vintage Books*).

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road. Street intersections, traffic signals, the crush of vehicles and of crowds combine to reduce its efficiency dramatically. In urban centers, where average speeds drop to 5 miles per hour or less, it is a fish out of water. Ketcham points out that in congested midtown Manhattan passenger cars achieve an overall operating efficiency of only 7 per cent; more than 90 per cent of the latent energy in gasoline is thrown away as waste heat and as air pollution.

Cities with decent public transportation systems have the opportunity to restrain automobile use through the creation of auto-free pedestrian areas. Pedestrian engineering can begin modestly enough. William H. Whyte, author of *The Organization Man*, and founder of the Street Life Project, a group which proposes better uses for urban open spaces, has a project underway in New York City along Lexington Avenue between 57th and 60th Streets. Whyte describes the area as "The most horrible, congested, fascinating urban space in the world." The region includes two of the city's largest department stores, Bloomingdale's and Alexander's; a vehicular approach to the Queensboro Bridge over the East River; seven subway entrances and exits; a Howard Johnson lunch counter; four pizzerias; a hair palace; boutiques; a florist; street peddlers, etc. Only two blocks to the east, on 59th Street and Second Avenue, are recorded some of the highest carbon monoxide levels in the city.

The Lexington Avenue roadway is 50 feet wide with five lanes of traffic. Each of the two sidewalks is 12 feet wide, having been narrowed some years ago to speed the flow of vehicles. Armed with a 16mm movie camera, Whyte monitors pedestrian and vehicular movements. He calculates that from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. the east sidewalk, which at one spot narrows to 4 feet, accommodates 24,000 people. Another 23,000 pedestrians crowd the west sidewalk. All told, 60 per cent of the surface travel is by foot, and only 40 per cent by wheel. Yet pedestrians are relegated to less than one-third of the total space.

Whyte plans to propose to city officials that at least one traffic lane be eliminated to permit widening of the sidewalks. A modest proposal, but what a boon to the 47,000 pedestrians who travel through this part of the city each day! No longer will they need to fight for foot room on the narrow sidewalk.

Sidewalk widening is one form of pedestrian engineering; part-time pedestrian streets is another. Many streets are not required for vehicular use twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. Two things are needed to create a part-time pedestrian street in a downtown business area, or anywhere else: initiative and a traffic barrier reading, "Street Closed to Motor Vehicles."

A successful part-time street closing can lead to the creation of a full-time pedestrian street. The ease and economy with which a street can be temporarily closed encourage experimentation. This chance to experiment is unique to pedestrian engineering. Unlike most plans to improve urban life, which are so vast as to be intimidating, planning for pedestrians can be undertaken pragmatically and in stages.

Street closings will revolutionize urban life. The human voice will replace an acoustically harsh soundscape. When Madison Avenue was closed to cars at midday during Earth Week in 1971, carbon monoxide levels dropped from a normal twenty-two parts per million to about seven—two parts per million better than the federal air quality standard.

With no damaging vehicles and no vehicular pollution, trees would have a chance to survive. Decorative pavement, more congenial for walking, would replace concrete and asphalt. Benches could be introduced for relaxation, and outdoor cafés would flourish in a setting free of the noise and pollution of cars, trucks and busses.

Any proposal to create pedestrian areas in a downtown business district raises an inevitable question: will the diverted vehicles bring traffic to a standstill elsewhere? Pedestrian areas will be open to emergency vehicles at all times and can be open to delivery trucks at certain hours. Still, some peripheral congestion is inevitable in the beginning. It will ease as drivers adjust to the alternate routes and fewer cars appear on the streets. Just as additional vehicular facilities generate more traffic, reducing opportunities for vehicle use diminishes traffic. For convenience, motorists will begin to shift to other, more efficient means of transportation. They may regret the loss of their cars, but the benefits of cleaner air, greater safety and improved amenities for hundreds of thousands of pedestrians must be balanced against the disgruntlement of a much smaller number of motorists.

While traffic congestion and pollution are desperate in downtown business areas, the automobile has not left residential districts unscarred. Pedestrian engineering makes good sense in the home environment as well. Closed to parking and through traffic, except for emergency and service vehicles, a residential pedestrian street can be as short as one block or several blocks long. Sidewalk curbs would be removed and the roadbed filled in, thus turning the entire street, from building to building, into a pedestrian area with shade-producing trees and benches.

Children and cars are a lethal mix. (In New York City in 1974, sixty-two children, 14 years or younger, were killed while crossing streets, and nearly 5,000 were injured.) Eliminating vehicular traffic from streets where young children play will relieve parents of constant anxiety. Adults too, especially the elderly, will benefit. Many live far from parks. With cleaner air, trees and a place to relax only a few feet from their homes, they need spend less time sitting indoors, often alone.

What is to be done about cars denied access to residential streets? Allowing for fire hydrants, curb cuts and occasional bus stops, the average residential city block has parking space for about fifteen cars along each curb, or thirty cars in all. In most cases, these few spaces are not sufficient for all the automobiles owned by residents. Only a lucky or resourceful few manage to reach the curb on time. This means that entire streets are despoiled for the convenience of a small number of car owners, whose cars sit at the curb on the average of twenty-two hours a day.

If custom has established certain parking rights, the municipality may wish to assume the burden of providing alternate parking facilities, or car owners may be required to use a private garage at some other location. This could put them to added expense and inconvenience, but the decision on whether or not to create a pedestrian street is one for all the residents of the street to make.

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Widened sidewalks and downtown and residential pedestrian areas provide their own justification, but when several of them can be linked together in a continuous chain of traffic-free walking, the result is a triumph of pedestrian engineering. We then have an urban strollway system.

As urban pedestrian areas grew in size, mini-vehicles would be introduced. Electric-powered tractor-trains are noiseless, nonpolluting and maneuverable to suit the winding ways of pedestrians. They are faster than walking, but slower than conventional vehicles. They are intended to mingle with, not mangle the pedestrian.

Tractor-trains will cruise through pedestrian areas on regular schedules, with major pick-up and drop-off points close to garages and bus stops at the auto-free zone's periphery, and near subway stations within the pedestrian area. Tractor-train cars will also be designed to transport goods to the buildings and shops in the pedestrian area.

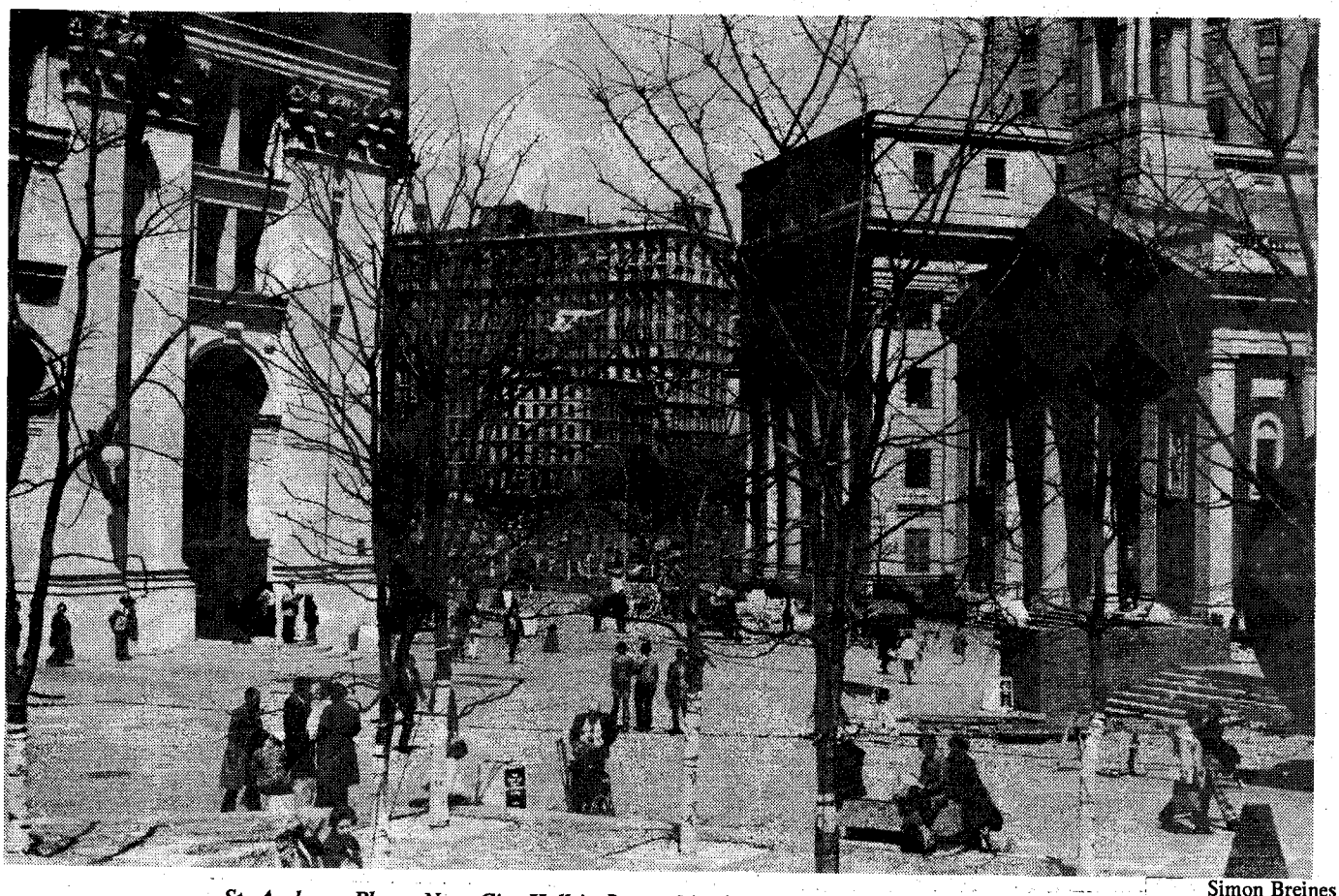
While foot power and mini-vehicles make movement within a pedestrian district feasible, a mass transportation system is needed to bring people to the district. Fume-free electric trolleys can supplement a subway system and may be the answer for cities with no subway facilities. Declared as "dead as sailing ships" by New York's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia in 1935, trolleys, like pedestrians, are enjoying a renaissance. Boston and San Francisco have placed large orders for air-conditioned electric trolleys. Economy is a major factor in their new popularity. Construction expenses for a trolley system range from $4 million to $8 million a mile, compared with per-mile subway construction costs in Rome of $53 million and in Tokyo of $60 million.

The depressed state of the economy may even favor the creation of pedestrian areas. Street closings require a modest capital outlay. For example, the conversion of a four-block stretch of Mulberry Street in Little Italy on New York's Lower East Side into a pedestrian mall is only a $50,000 job. That sum is virtually "recession-proof," in the words of *New York Times* architectural editor, Ada Louise Huxtable. City officials, desperately short of money, are on the lookout for popular but inexpensive projects.

Pedestrianism will not arrive without controversy. Some people will always raise objections to the closing of a street, no matter how congested, inconvenient or unhealthy vehicular traffic may be. Property owners have an instinctive fear of change. Shopkeepers foresee a drop in sales, and some business leaders regard traffic congestion as an indicator of economic vitality—"It's good for us!" Their concerns, justified or not, cannot be ignored. Close consultation with these groups and the experimental process, which permits testing pedestrian proposals before any final decisions are made, can do much to meet their objections.

Streets that attract numerous pedestrians will be safer against crime than are most urban streets today. That is another strong argument in favor of pedestrian streets.

New York City's sporadic moves to restrain the automobile have met with enormous public approval. The weekend banning of cars from parks, for the benefit of pedestrians and bicyclists, proved to be the most popular



Simon Breines

St. Andrews Plaza, Near City Hall in Lower Manhattan. Until Recently the Area Was Jammed with Brooklyn Bridge Vehicular Traffic.

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decision of former Mayor John Lindsay's eight-year administration. The Sunday closing of 52nd Street from river to river this past summer attracted hundreds of thousands of people, as have closings of Madison, Fifth and Ninth Avenues. A five-block stretch of Nassau Street in the city's financial district is now barred to cars and trucks each weekday from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. So successful has it been that plans are being drawn to change Nassau Street into a full-time pedestrian street. The second stage in its development might never have been reached had not part-time closings established the value of a pedestrian area in this highly congested section of the city.

The reaction to these initiatives on behalf of people afoot suggests the presence of a substantial constituency that would support a bold public policy to restrict automobile use in cities. In New York City this should come as no surprise. Census figures reveal that, citywide, 57.5 per cent of the households do not even own a car. In Manhattan the figure rises to an astonishing 78.5 per cent. Yet to accommodate a minority of residents and commuters from outside, virtually all of the city's 6,123-mile street system is given over to the automobile.

Like any other group seeking change in our society, pedestrians, environmentalists and bicyclists need to organize to develop political support. Auto companies and drivers recognized early in the industry's infancy the value of organization. A few small auto companies by themselves could not hope to fend off persecution by the manufacturers of carriages or entrenched investors in trolley-car lines, but an auto club could. When auto clubs asked the government to pave roads, the politician who failed to heed them did so at his peril. Those who seek to restrain automobile use in urban centers can profit by this example.

Streets are too important to be left to the domination of the automobile. They comprise one-third of a city's ground area. At the present time most of our cities have little more than occasional pedestrian refuges scattered haphazardly. Many of them are one-day happenings—street fairs—rather than year-round amenities. Improve streets and you enrich the daily life of every urban resident. □

THE MARIJUANA FLYING CIRCUS

MIKE EDELHART

Knoxville

Crashes by marijuana-laden Army surplus planes into rural hills in Tennessee and Georgia have brought to light a major airborne, southern pot-smuggling network. One estimate claims that as many as 150 smuggling flights pass over the southern United States every day, carrying grass from Mexico, Jamaica and Colombia. But so hard to detect and control is this marijuana airlift that public awareness of its existence has come not from arrests and indictments but from the smugglers themselves, when they have miscalculated and crashed with their cargoes. In the first six months of this year, forty-eight pot planes came to grief in the southern states.

Southern pot airlifting is not a crime primarily of the young or the discontented or even of organized crime. The smugglers tend to be professional fliers in their 30s and early 40s: commercial and military trained pilots whose skills have gone begging in the tight economy, teamed with businessmen who put up the thousands of dollars of front money needed to get into the trade.

If southern air smuggling is a growing problem, and law-enforcement officials readily admit that it is, the reason is the same as that for any other enterprise: the market is growing. "I hesitate to say it," said Ken Copeland, senior agent in charge of narcotics for the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. "But I'm afraid that's the reason. It just boils down to supply and demand. Marijuana use is on the increase. There's a big demand for it so somebody comes up with the supply."

The vital elements of the southern smuggling operation are the big discarded planes of World War II: Lockheed Lodestars, B-25s and Constellations. These planes can be bought as surplus for as little as $10,000 and offer the prospective smuggler a host of enticing features. The planes have immense cargo capacities; a B-25 can carry several tons. Their fuel capacities are large as well, and that is extremely important since it allows the smuggler to take off from some spot far from the U.S. border and reach his destination without refueling. In addition, the planes cruise faster than anything that is likely to chase them—well above 200 mph. That makes it hard for the FAA to find them in the air and even harder for patrol planes to trail them. Military planes could easily maintain surveillance on smuggling aircraft, but it is illegal for military planes to engage in such work. The smuggling aircraft can be outfitted with the most sophisticated radio and guidance equipment available, making elusive maneuvers easy, and night, fog and ground-level flying possible. Properly equipped, such airplanes become formidable smuggling machines. In the hands of good pilots they can simply outlast and outfly anything the patrol forces have available. Many of the big-time smugglers, like other businessmen, start out small and move up to their dream of a big plane plowing the profits of early excursions back into the business. When they've accumulated enough capital by running little missions either by boat (the traditional method) or by small private planes, smugglers expand the operation by picking up one of the big aircraft at a military auction or from an antique plane collector. They spend still more money getting the plane fixed up and are then ready for the big time.

William Flannigan was a World War II veteran and ace pilot. He had retired from General Motors for medical reasons about a year before he crashed at Dawson, Ga., according to his brother, and had adequate income from

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an Atlanta flying service that he owned. The brother could not believe that Flannigan had been a smuggler.

His co-pilot, Andrew Plott, 47, was a former instructor for the Air National Guard and at one time ran his own small airport in Duluth, Ga. Friends remembered him as being fond of airborne stunts and fancy flying. Until shortly before he took off on his smuggling flight, Plott worked as a designer and salesman of fiberglass greenhouses. On the day his plane crashed and burned, Plott was indicted for having flown more than 6 tons of pot into Winder, Ga. almost a year previously. The marijuana in that case had been seized, but Plott had gotten away in the plane.

The B-25 the pair used for their long last flight had a checkered past of its own. It had flown twenty-five missions in World War II before being retired and put on the block as military surplus. The plane slipped from owner to owner, from use to use. In 1972 it was one of the background planes in the film *Catch-22*. In 1974 a Tampa pilot, C.V. Moody, bought it for $16,000. Three months later Moody was indicted for conspiracy to smuggle 7 tons of pot into Chester, S.C. only a few days after he had bought the plane. He was convicted. The man supposedly behind Moody's purchase of the B-25 was a "William Parker" of Atlanta. Before his arrest, Moody actually delivered the plane to a Covington, Ga. airstrip run by William Flannigan.

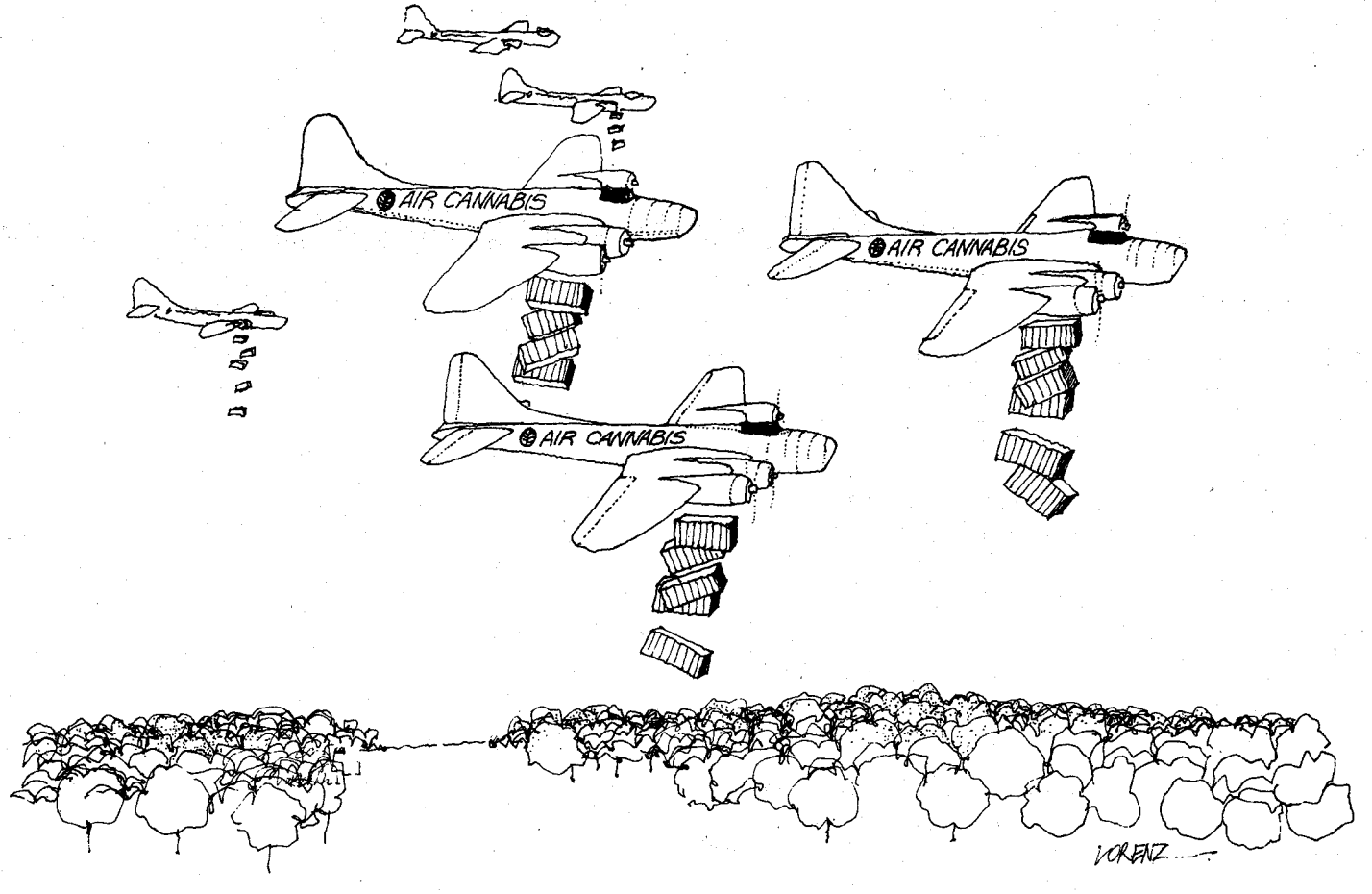
Now the plane, still bearing the fake camouflage markings from *Catch-22,* began its transformation into a fully equipped smuggling vessel. Flannigan brought the plane to Miami's Opa-Locka Airport in November 1974. There, over the next three months, it was extensively overhauled. Flannigan told the mechanic in charge that he needed the changes so that the plane could be used for emergency supply purposes on the Alaska pipeline. Special radio equipment was installed, including a radio altimeter which allows ground-level flying in bad weather.

In March Flannigan tested the alterations with a mock supply drop over the ocean near Miami Beach. He dropped six 50-pound bags of sand from newly operational bomb doors, skimming just 390 feet above the waves. Elated, Flannigan took the still somewhat rough-running plane back to Georgia a few days later. Further repair work was done at Flannigan's Covington airport, and then on Sunday, June 1, the plane took off without filing a flight plan and headed south.

Since it had been a war vessel, customs officials kept a particularly close watch on the plane by radar. Early Monday it stopped at St. Augustine for fuel and then left the country, still heading south. Immediately, customs officials put out an alert for the plane, not because they thought it was smuggling but because of the International Neutrality Act which forbids taking a military plane out of the country without official clearance.

Even with the alert, customs planes couldn't catch the B-25. A patrol from New Orleans couldn't reach St. Augustine before it had vanished southward. When patrol planes spotted it over Bimini later on Monday, the bomber easily eluded pursuit and disappeared once again.

At 1 A.M. Tuesday morning, the plane appeared on radar again briefly, heading north from Jacksonville, Fla. This time the bomber simply outran the patrol planes and



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made its third escape. Around 3 A.M. the roar of an extremely low-flying plane disturbed sleepers in rural Dawson County. The sheriff received irate reports and went out to investigate. No one is certain what happened next, but the evidence strongly indicates that in an isolated rural field someone turned on two battery-powered strobe lights as the plane winged low over the area. Coming just above the trees, the B-25 opened its bomb bays and dropped forty-five bales of marijuana, wrapped in cargo netting and tightly baled. The bales totaled 1,000 pounds, worth $450,000.

Straining to regain height after the drop, the aged plane's engine failed and it ploughed into a wooded hillside and burned. When Sheriff Roy Helton arrived he found wreckage strewn all over and the heavy odor of burning pot. "If he had just veered right instead of left after he dropped off that pot, he'd be alive and might not have been caught," Sheriff Helton said.

The size of smuggling operations varies greatly—one outfit in Texas, for example, is believed to operate twenty-six planes—but the Flannigan-Plott model is most common, according to Jacques Kiere of the Drug Enforcement Agency's El Paso office. In this setup, a money man "will just give a pilot $10,000 and tell him to go buy one of these surplus planes. If he makes it on his first trip, the plane is his and he can keep going until he's either caught or satisfied."

The marijuana carried by smugglers comes from Mexico, Colombia and Jamaica in that order. In these countries, and throughout much of Latin America, the cannabis weed grows wild. Extensive natural fields of pot are as common there as are goldenrod meadows here. Even for those who cultivate it illegally, pot presents few problems. Its natural suitability to the area means that it requires virtually no tending. The dense jungles and lack of adequate law-enforcement personnel combine to make it highly unlikely that a particular field will be found and destroyed.

Government crackdowns have been attempted; one is currently underway in Colombia. But like the poppies of Turkey, marijuana has become part of the local economy in remote regions of Latin America: a solid cash crop that could be eradicated only by massive defoliation. The peasants can use the income, and problems arising from the use of drugs in the United States are, after all, not a major concern of the local government.

Smugglers are believed to use primitive back-country landing strips, plowed pastures, even small country roads as pickup points. The transfers are planned, quick and hard for the law to combat, but they do have their hazards. Pot planes have cracked up in Latin America as well as here.

At the American end, the areas frequented by airborne drug smugglers are rural counties in the Gulf States and Tennessee and the vast empty back country of New Mexico and southwest Texas. One advantage of these areas as drop-off points is obvious: they are closest to the source of supply. Fortunately for the smugglers, the South also offers sparsely settled countryside, rugged terrain and innumerable uncontrolled landing fields, all of which make the job much easier. Georgia, for example, has more than 100 unmanned airports. Ken Copeland said that "most are just landing strips. Occasionally they'll have a facility for gas. Usually they're not manned. But all the pilots' sectional charts have them."

It is possible for a plane to land and take off again at many of these isolated air strips without anyone knowing it had ever been there. A few are so seldom visited, Copeland claimed, that smugglers could drop off their shipment and come back in a day or two in a truck to get it, certain that no one would disturb it.

Law-enforcement agencies get most of their knowledge about the airborne smugglers through informants and undercover agents. Enforcement problems are enormous, since the smuggling planes can dodge and outrun airborne pursuit. In one spectacular instance, a smuggler avoided capture by landing with a law plane right on his tail, turning around suddenly and taking off again while the pursuer was still landing. They passed each other on the runway. By the time the police plane got turned around, the smuggler had ditched his cargo and could not be charged with any crime. In the case of a drop, police must somehow know in advance the spot chosen, and for night drops they must come up with some proof of what plane was unloading up in the dark sky.

Law-enforcement officials are generally frustrated with the situation. "I have a tremendous amount of information on some people. But I can't do anything about it without actually catching them at it," said Copeland. Kiere admitted that "frankly, they [the smugglers] estimate that the risk is rather small."

Even a greatly increased enforcement effort would probably have trouble dampening the smuggler's enthusiasm, so great are the profits. Smugglers can buy marijuana for as little as $10 a pound in Latin America. In the States it can bring up to $200 a pound wholesale. For $20,000 a smuggler can buy a ton of grass that will net him $400,000 if he deals strictly in 50-to-60-pound wholesale lots, or a lot more than $500,000 if he takes the marijuana all the way to the street. The costs for the plane and the long trip are high, but with that kind of profit possible, more and more people are willing to bear the expense and take the risk.

Traditional syndicate narcotics ties and a highly structured narcotics market have kept the airborne smugglers from expanding into other drugs. The marijuana market, Kiere said, "is more apparent. It's frequently middle class. Your chances of getting into trouble by asking someone if he wants to buy a kilo of grass are much less than if you ask someone to buy heroin. If you come in with heroin, you won't be able to sell to anyone less than a syndicate member or a very heavy trafficker. The grass transaction is quick and it leaves fewer traces."

Airborne smuggling is not the only type that is on the rise. Small boats, the old standby of smugglers, are bringing more grass into the country than they once did. But the planes now seem to dominate the traffic. "Driving grass across the Mexican border is getting tougher," said Ken Copeland, "and the boats are slow. The planes are an improvement on the old system." Many more of them will probably crash in the southern night before law officials figure out how to handle this powerful new system of smuggling. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

It All Sounds Familiar. And Now What Do We Do?

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS READER. *Edited by David Mermelstein. Vintage Books. 441 pp. Paper $4.95.*

ECONOMIC POWER FAILURE: The Current American Crisis. *Edited by Sumner M. Rosen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 297 pp. Paper $3.95.*

JOHN CASE

In 1960, United Fruit was worried. The price of bananas was going down, and the company's share of the market had dropped several percentage points since the early 1950s. Profits too were declining—from $44.1 million in 1953 to $2.2 million in 1960.

The company turned to the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn for help. BBD&O followed a time-tested formula: create a brand name for an otherwise indistinguishable product, advertise it heavily, and sell it at a higher price than the competition. The result was Chiquita Banana, a name the company had already been using but which it now began promoting on a saturation basis to consumers. By 1967, says William Robbins, "A consumer survey showed that 53 per cent of shoppers looked specifically for Chiquitas," which now cost 97 cents a box (wholesale) more than unbranded bananas. United Fruit's profits meanwhile were up some $23 million a year from the days before Chiquita.

Robbins tells the story in his book, *The American Food Scandal*; it is reprinted in David Mermelstein's excellent new collection, *The Economic Crisis Reader*. The selection illustrates Mermelstein's approach, which is to ground the economic troubles of the past few years in the normal workings of a capitalist economy. High food prices may result partly from agricultural accidents and Soviet grain deals; but they also result from the market power exercised by a few large firms over numerous parts of the farm-to-supermarket journey. "Most cities," says a *New Republic* editorial also reprinted here, "are at the mercy of two, three, or four supermarket chains, which accounts for the stickiness in retail prices when prices to the farmer go down. When wholesale beef prices in Chicago plummeted 25 per cent earlier this year, retail prices dropped 10 per cent. . . . *Business Week* reports that for the first quarter of 1974, profits of the largest chains were 59 per cent higher than a year ago, though sales were up only 14 per cent."

If economic markets don't work, of course, we all know that the government is supposed to step in to redress the balance. In the present case—again, to use food prices as an illustration—governmental intervention seems to exacerbate the problems. In 1972, notes an essay by Robert Samuelson, the world price of fertilizer rose well above the domestic price, which at that time was held down by the Nixon administration's price controls. Fertilizer firms, not surprisingly, began peddling their wares abroad, and a drastic shortage developed. The less fertilizer, the less food; the less food, the higher the price. Where the price of food itself was controlled, the result was often equally disastrous. Chicken farmers, for example, faced controlled selling prices but uncontrolled feed costs. Caught in a squeeze, says Samuelson, they "smothered baby chicks and sent their breeder chickens off to slaughter."

Price controls are unusual, to be sure—but more common governmental actions look equally irrational from the consumer's standpoint. In California, marketing boards determine how much of a crop is allowed to go to market. "Each year," says the *New Republic* editorial quoted above, "millions of peaches rot in the field so that the price will stay high." And in another recent development, it adds, United Brands began an "advertising campaign to sell lettuce as an expensive brand-name product," and the Federal Trade Commission "refused to order United Brands out of the lettuce business, as a hearing officer had recommended." Here Mermelstein's section on food has come full circle: United Brands is the new name of United Fruit.

These stories are not, by and large, the stuff of conventional economics. But Mermelstein is not a conventional economist. Neither is Sumner M. Rosen, whose collection, *Economic Power Failure*, is in many respects comparable to Mermelstein's (though not nearly as well done). Both editors belong to a small but growing number of "radical political economists" whose view of the American economy differs markedly from, say, that of Paul Samuelson or James Tobin (not to mention Alan Greenspan or Milton Friedman). Taken together, the books provide a thorough examination of our present economic difficulties from a socialist perspective—and a good test, therefore, of how well a radical analysis can explain our troubles.

"The problem," says Mermelstein in an introduction, "is *capitalism*." The rhetoric is unexciting, but the book—and Rosen's too—goes far toward convincing us that the diagnosis is correct. The specific economic problems that we see every day flow all too logically from the workings of our corporate economy and from the government's attempts to bolster the economy by serving its most powerful interests.

Take energy. The bizarre facts behind the gasoline shortage of late 1973 and early 1974 are by now fairly well known. "According to *Oil and Gas Journal*," says an article by Dave Pugh and Mitch Zimmerman in Mermelstein's volume, "imports for October, November and December of 1973 were actually 32 per cent higher than for the same three months of 1972." And in January, the authors note, *Platt's Oilgram* reported that storage tanks on the East Coast were "full to the brim." The shortage itself was due largely to insufficient (and in some cases unused) refinery capacity. The oil companies had not built sufficient capacity during the previous years because of the oil import quotas, and what they had was not always used, even in the critical years of 1972-73.

Behind all this, as Dankwart A. Rustow explains it in one of Rosen's best selections, is the fact that Middle Eastern oil is far more profitable for the oil companies to produce than domestic oil; in the early 1970s, in fact, the majors cut back on their production of U.S. crude. Because of the oil import quotas, however, they couldn't expand sales of cheap Middle Eastern oil as fast as they would have liked. At the same time, independent domestic refiners and distributors were increasing their share of the market (independents had 25.6 per cent of the gasoline market by 1972). And environmental regulations, notably on the Alaska pipeline, were threatening to nip the oil majors' new enterprises in the bud.

What was needed was a good shortage. The oil companies doubtless had the power to engineer one themselves, but they couldn't do it without a scapegoat. Happily for the companies, the OPEC nations obliged. When the OPEC countries raised their prices, it wasn't the companies who suffered; between 1969 and 1973, notes Michael Tanzer in the Mermelstein volume, "the [OPEC] governments' per-barrel revenues had increased by about three-fifths [but] the companies' had quad-

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rupled." Then when the Arabs imposed their embargo, imports—as we have seen—dropped not at all. But the threat of shortage (and another massive cost increase by OPEC) allowed oil prices to skyrocket.

The results were marvelous. As of late 1974, said an Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers advertisement reprinted in Mermelstein's collection, oil industry profits were up 146 per cent since 1972 and 360 per cent since 1961. Independents were squeezed out; an FTC study quoted by Richard Kronish in the same volume announced "the major integrated oil companies are . . . taking advantage of the present shortage[s] to drive the only viable long-term source of price competition, the independent marketer, out of market after market."

For its part, the government eased environmental regulations (the Alaska pipeline is now under construction) and import restrictions. And it continued to allow the oil companies to deduct payments to foreign governments from their taxable income, thus making it possible for several oil companies to pay no U.S. taxes at all on their foreign profits.

One wishes that oil and food were isolated examples of corporate dominance and governmental acquiescence. Such does not seem to be the case, however, as essay after essay in the two books demonstrate. Nixon's wage and price controls, for example, appear as an attempt to let corporations restore their falling profit margins by curbing wage demands, and the relevant statistics bear out this hypothesis. Regulation—for example, the ICC's control of interstate transportation—usually leads to higher prices, less competition and more profits for the companies involved.

It is not, of course, that the corporations always succeed in their objectives, or that government exists purely to serve their interests. The big U.S. banks, in trying to avoid governmental regulation, have created an immense pool of dollars abroad ("Eurodollars"), and the banking system built on this pool is wobbly indeed. But stories of potential failure are no more cheery for most of us than stories—like that of the oil companies—of success. The radicals paint a gloomy picture, one that is all the gloomier for its persuasiveness.

At times, the editors (and some of their writers) overdo it a little. Mermelstein, for example, makes much of the fact that the food sector is "monopolized," and in many cases that's a fair description. But two fascinating selections in his book from *The Wall Street Journal*—one on wholesale meat markets, the other on the great increase in sugar prices last year—show markets that are imperfect, mercurial, irrational, often rigged or manipulated (sometimes in contrary directions)—but by no means "monopolized." Amstar's profits soared after the sugar price rise, but Mermelstein offers no evidence that the company *caused* it.

Then, too, the radical's twin sins of condescension and paranoia rear their heads. American consumers, to Mermelstein, are "neurotic, perhaps, and insecure, but pacified by the adult equivalent of their childhood teddy bears." To Stanley Aronowitz, one of Mermelstein's writers, the fear of crime in the streets is simply a creation of the "corporate bourgeoisie" to justify "mass surveillance." But those who would learn from the Left must, unfortunately, put up with its excesses—and there is much in these two books to be learned.

Two final notes. First, on how to assemble a reader. Mermelstein, despite occasional lapses, is a master of the art. His selections include both the best of radical economic analysis and entertaining journalistic pieces (often culled from the business press) on one or another aspect of the economy (Chiquita Banana, for example). He has useful charts, chronologies and glossaries too. Rosen is less adept. His selections are often too short, and they seem merely illustrative of some implicit point the editor wants to make, rather than standing on their own. Several are apparently included just for the sake of "balance" and add little of substance. And Rosen ignores the first rule of readers: never include a public statement by an official or agency. For all that, he has some good pieces, notably Philip M. Stern's essay, "Uncle Sam's Welfare Program for the Rich," which translates tax loopholes into governmental expenditures with some startling implications.

Second, we need a reader on what is to be done. Mermelstein devotes six paragraphs to "socialism" in introducing his last section—but he doesn't tell us what to do, other than wait for the socialist revolution or organize for one (and I'm not quite sure how to do that). Rosen is better on this score; he devotes a few selections to "alternatives," including an excerpt from Gar Alperovitz's seminal essay "Toward a Pluralist Commonwealth" (called "Toward a New Society" in this volume). But neither book really concerns itself with alternatives, or with programs and proposals for making things different.

I finished the two books, in fact, with something of a sense of urgency. The Left really does know what's going on, from the machinations of United Fruit to the crisis in the banking system. But when are we going to figure out what to do? The socialism that both writers call for will not come into being out of thin air. □

Hands Off Yugoslavia—Call the Turn in Greece

BRITISH POLICY TOWARDS WARTIME RESISTANCE IN YUGOSLAVIA AND GREECE. *Edited by Phyllis Auty and Richard Clogg. Barnes and Noble. 308 pp. $27.50.*

WAR AND REVOLUTION IN YUGOSLAVIA, 1941-1945: The Chetniks. *By Jozo Tomasevich. Stanford University Press. 508 pp. $20.*

L.S. STAVRIANOS

Late in 1943 Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, Commander of the Allied Mission to Tito, warned Churchill that Tito "undoubtedly" would prevail over Mihailovic and "undoubtedly" would establish a Communist regime. Churchill responded, "Are you going to live there?" Maclean said, "No," and Churchill added, "Neither am I, so had we not better leave the Yugoslavs themselves to work out what sort of a system they are going to have?"

At about the same time—on October 2, 1943—Brigadier E.C.W. Myers, Commander of the British Military Mission to Greece, urged Churchill to follow a neutral policy in Greece as well as in Yugoslavia: "Surely what happened to their King is a Greek affair and it is not for us to interfere." Churchill at first was persuaded, and wrote out some passages for Myers to incorporate in a forthcoming BBC broadcast to the Greek resistance fighters: "The Greek people must be masters of their own destinies. They alone can decide their future form of government. England, always their friend, will never interfere in their home politics. . . ." But a half-hour later, after a secretary had returned with a typed version of these remarks, Churchill began altering a bit here and a bit there, then striking out whole sentences, and finally blue-penciling all that he had written. "It is too risky. I don't want to say anything in the wrong way." Before the end of the meeting, Churchill was referring to the Greek resistance fighters as "bandits" and "Tom Wintringhams" (Capt. Tom Wintringham, military correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*, was at that time writing articles on guerrilla warfare). When Myers, who had just returned from occu-

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pied Greece, told Churchill that between 80 and 90 per cent of the Greek people were republicans rather than royalists, Churchill replied, "Yes, that's what you say or think. I am not sure you are right." As he warmed up, Churchill became more positive and vehement. "Don't let them prejudge the issue about the King. I want to see him have a fair deal. I won't be stampeded by a lot of Tom Wintringhams. . . . I won't be blackmailed by those bandits! If they want to go to Russia, let them. When Greece is freed, who is going to save them from starving? We are. And they oughtn't to forget that. You see that the King gets a fair deal."

Churchill's personal assistant escorted Myers to the front door, commenting as he did so: "The old man is a bit muddled." In fact he was anything but muddled. His diatribe about "bandits" and "Tom Wintringhams" expressed his instinctive feelings, and those feelings, being shared also by Anthony Eden at the head of the Foreign Office and by Reginald Leeper, Ambassador to the Greek exile government in Cairo, dictated the official British policy which was pursued relentlessly throughout World War II and after. Yet at the same time Churchill adhered to the hands-off policy regarding Yugoslavia that he had enjoined upon Maclean!

Why these diametrically opposed approaches to the affairs of two neighboring Balkan countries? In the revealing and valuable collection of papers edited by Phyllis Auty and Richard Clogg, this anomaly is considered by Prof. G.H.N. Seton-Watson. He mentions first the strategic factor—Greece being "geographically more important and physically more controllable than Yugoslavia." Also there was the "exceptional strength of Churchill's devotion to the King of Greece"—much stronger apparently than his devotion to young King Peter of Yugoslavia who was weak and irresponsible, and who displeased the British by insisting on marrying Princess Alexandra of Greece and then falling "completely under the thumb of his Greek mother-in-law." Finally, Professor Seton-Watson explains that Churchill was influenced by the differences between the Greek and Yugoslav resistance movements. "Tito's Liberation Army was a far more effective force than ELAS [armed forces of the Greek National Liberation Front—EAM], and fought several long, bitter and large-scale campaigns against the Germans, whereas ELAS only carried out a number of rather small unconnected actions. On the other hand Mihailovic persistently rejected Allied requests . . .whereas Zervas [Greek "nationalist" guerrilla leader] readily agreed to do what was asked of him. . . ."

This third point of Seton-Watson's requires careful examination. Certainly Zervas was obedient, the simple reason being that, "he who pays the piper calls the tune." Also, Tito's partisans did fight more large-scale actions against the Germans than did ELAS. One reason for this was the limited vision of the Communist leaders of EAM-ELAS who, in contrast to Tito, persisted in thinking in terms of urban proletarian revolution and completely underestimated the power and significance of the peasant-based resistance movement in the countryside. But there was another reason that Seton-Watson does not mention, and that is basic for an understanding of events at that time. The British did not want a powerful resistance movement in Greece because it might get out of control and upset Churchill's plans for what he chose to regard as Greece's "beloved constitutional monarchy."

C.M. Woodhouse, who succeeded Myers as the Commander of the Allied Military Mission in occupied Greece, and whose political views were much closer to Churchill's than had been his predecessor's, defined the issue between the British and EAM-ELAS as follows: "Was the resistance to consist of small, basically British-controlled guerrilla bands, or of a large EAM-controlled popular army?" In other words, the British were opposed to "a large popular army" in Greece like that of Tito in Yugoslavia, and used every means to prevent it from materializing. Thus Seton-Watson's explanation that the British opposed EAM-ELAS and supported the partisans because the latter had larger forces and fought larger battles is specious rationalization of official policy. The fact is that the larger ELAS became, the more bitterly the British fought against it, and the reason the British did fight so bitterly is that ELAS became larger than the British, for obvious reasons, were willing publicly to concede.

The Auty-Clogg book also makes clear the degree to which British agents learned to write reports that fitted in with the official position that ELAS consisted of "brigands" who alone were responsible for the opposition to the King's return. Myers was crucified for reporting the opposite. Churchill described him as "the chief man who reared the cockatrice brute of EAM-ELAS," and Leeper followed his chief in traducing Myers as "a complete disaster . . . a very dangerous fool . . . a fanatic. . . ." George F. Taylor, chief of staff of the heads of the Special Operations Executive (SOE), explains the reason for such slander candidly:

> I do not think anybody could fail to be shocked . . . by the comments and the attitude of the Foreign Secretary himself and the senior members of the Foreign Office. It needs an explanation and the explanation is this. The Foreign Office simply could not afford to accept the SOE picture as it was coming out of Greece without completely stultifying their policy of complete, total support of the Royal Hellenic Government. Therefore the attempts to suppress and rebut this picture. . . .

These attempts were quite successful, and so it was under such circumstances that official, made-to-order history was written during the occupation to justify the denigration of EAM-ELAS and the building up of King George. Similar fairy tales have been embellished and repeated *ad nauseam* in order to justify the American intervention in Greece and the Truman Doctrine that rationalized the intervention.

The difference between history and fairy tales becomes painfully clear when we turn to Prof. Jozo Tomasevich's magisterial account of occupied Yugoslavia. This book on the Chetniks is the first of three volumes on Yugoslavia during World War II, the other two volumes dealing with the partisans and with the Croatian Ustaci and other open collaborators. Tomasevich begins his study of the Chetniks with a brief analysis of Yugoslavia between the two World Wars, the steps leading to Hitler's invasion in April 1941, the causes for the quick collapse of the Yugoslav army, and the nature of the German-Italian occupation system that was imposed on the country. Then follows a description of Mihailovic's early career, his decision to fight on after the collapse of the regular army, and the objectives and organization of his Chetnik movement. Chapter VI is especially illuminating in showing how narrow and backward-looking were Mihailovic and his chief lieutenants. Being almost exclusively conservative Serbian military officers, they were determined to restore the prewar Serbian hegemony over Yugoslavia, and they candidly expressed their readiness to impose a postwar military dictatorship in order to attain their goal.

They were male chauvinists as well as Serb chauvinists, so that Mihailovic referred to the women partisans as "immoral women, women without homes, women without reason, public prostitutes." Partisan leaders, by contrast, stated that they never could have won the struggle without the women who comprised 15 to 20 per cent of their forces. The Chetniks were anti-intellectual as well as anti-feminist, so that virtually no writers or artists joined their ranks. Their professional background led them to think in military rather than political terms. Their ideology was negligible, and this, together with their blatant pan-Serbism, insured that they could not attract anything approaching a majority in a country so ethnically diverse.

For this reason many Chetniks turned to collaboration with the Germans and Italians. Their reasoning was logical, given their premise that the primary object should be the restoration of the prewar

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status quo. The partisans were the chief obstacle to such a restoration, so any measures, including collaboration, were justified in order to eliminate the obstacle. The general outcome of World War II, argued the Chetnik collaborationists, would be decided by the great powers rather than by what happened in Yugoslavia. Therefore any means whatsoever were justified in forestalling a postwar Communist regime. And since the Conservative British Government also was interested in preventing the spread of communism in eastern Europe, Mihailovic counted to the last on British assistance against the partisans, regardless of how dormant or collaborationist his organization might be.

This expectation was logical, and precisely the same as that of the "nationalists" in Greece, who also justified their collaboration with the Axis forces with similar assumptions and rationalizations. The calculations of Greek "nationalists" proved justified, for Churchill did send troops to Greece as the Germans were departing, and these troops were used to smash the Greek resistance and install the collaborationists and assorted anti-EAM factions in power in Athens. But in Yugoslavia. for reasons noted above, no Western army landed in Dalmatia as Mihailovic had for so long expected. In this sense he was justified in complaining of the "world whirlwind [that] carried me and my work away."

With the Soviet Red Army nearing Yugoslavia, and no sign of British landings in Dalmatia, Mihailovic's position in the fall of 1944 was becoming desperate. He refused to retreat to Slovenia where he could have established contact with British and American forces advancing from Italy. Instead he chose to lead his remaining followers from Bosnia to Serbia where he had been led to believe that the populace was waiting eagerly for his appearance to rise in his support. Actually Mihailovic was being lured into a trap set by the partisans who had captured a Chetnik radio operator and persuaded him to send messages to Mihailovic with false information about the state of public opinion in Serbia. For political reasons the partisans wanted to capture Mihailovic alive and bring him to trial.

Tomasevich gives dramatic details of Mihailovic's last days in the mountains. Partisan agents infiltrated Mihailovic's guards, and on the last night the party marched through the woods in single file, a partisan guard behind each Chetnik guard, and an agent before and behind Mihailovic. In crossing a stream these agents even carried Mihailovic so that he would not wet his feet. Then on a prearranged signal each agent killed the guard in front of him, while Mihailovic was thrown to the ground and manacled. Four months later, on July 17, 1946, after a trial and conviction, Mihailovic was executed by a firing squad, deserted at the very end by his own children.

Publishers often use the adjective "definitive" in praise of their books, and almost as often it proves unwarranted. The Tomasevich book is a shining exception to this rule. When he summarizes the hopelessly biased and inaccurate reports of the American OSS agent, Robert McDowell, concerning relative partisan-Chetnik strength, Tomasevich adds drily: "In view of the evidence presented in this study there is no need to argue with McDowell's views." And indeed there is no need to argue, for on this point, as on others, the evidence presented is overwhelmingly "definitive." With this volume on the Chetniks, and the two other forthcoming volumes, it can be said that an historian has appeared who is worthy of the great epic that is his subject. It is to be hoped that Tomasevich will serve as a model for future historians of the equally great epic of the Greek resistance which has been so basely and effectively traduced. □

Saga of the Rural South

THE SURFACE OF EARTH. *By Reynolds Price. Atheneum Publishers. 491 pp. $10.95.*

JAMES ROSS

Back in 1968, a reviewer for the London *Sunday Telegraph* had this to say about Reynolds Price's third novel, *Love and Work*: "This bare, spare novel stands in the same relationship to the average prolix novel of today as a Kandinsky to a Victorian genre painting. Not a word is wasted; a single paragraph often lays bare every nuance of a whole relationship between two people."

With his fourth and latest novel, *The Surface of Earth*, Mr. Price has turned the tables on his readers, or maybe on himself. It is in fact a saga of the rural upper South. It deals with the lives, customs, wanderings and the emotional and spiritual gropings of the members of two middle-class families that slowly become enmeshed along the way. This is a book, also, of forbidding aspect. Its very bulk seems to imply that it is a major novel and demands serious, close attention.

But the reader's attention may wander at times before he reaches the end on page 491, a conclusion that could be merely a pause before we get a continuation of the annals of the Kendal and Mayfield families. In scale, and to a degree in subject matter, this novel of Price's is suggestive of the work of his fellow North Carolinian, Thomas Wolfe. Price, however, is a more skillful writer than Wolfe was, and maintains far better control over his characters than Wolfe ever managed. And where Wolfe sought to create a universal hero, full of sound, fury and undefined significance, Price seems to be trying to create a whole family line out of two potentially antagonistic pieces of human material—a Tar Heel girl and a displaced Old Dominion male.

He runs into a little trouble in the delivery room. Over the forty-one years covered in this volume (from 1903 through mid-1944), the scene of action and meditation shifts back and forth between the village of Fontaine in the North Carolina coastal plain, two villages in Virginia, and Richmond. The story begins in Fontaine with the three Kendal children—Eva, Rena, their brother Kennerly—and Bedford, their father, discussing the cases of their grandmother who died giving birth to their mother (whose name is never given), and their grandfather who blew out his brains minutes after his wife died.

That night, following the discus-

James Ross is on the staff of the Greensboro *(N.C.)* Daily News. *His novel,* They Don't Dance Much, *was reissued this year by the Southern Illinois University Press.*

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ALISON

The dustmice skittered all night
under the bed without rails,
but when she looked in the morning
they had escaped through the floorboards,
shedding gray clots of fur, damp skins
of grit like steel wool.

Then why was it they always returned
with the click of a light switch
on their squeaky invisible feet
to plague her in the dark?
And why was her mother never
there when the Grandfather of Dustmice
crept from his knothole at midnight,
immense as an onion?

She would lie alone forever
with her secret, without a cry,
not close her eyes for a moment—
while he skittered in the corner,
chattering through his fangs
that he was her only friend.

James Reiss

sion of family history, the 16-year-old Eva elopes with her Latin teacher, Forrest Mayfield, a man roughly twice her age. About a year later Eva almost dies giving birth to their son, Rob. Her parents haven't forgiven her for running off with Forrest, and upon learning that Eva is near death, Mrs. Kendal writes a letter full of reproach to Eva just in case she lives, and then commits suicide by drinking a glassful of lye water. Eva does recover, and then leaves Forrest in the lurch. She takes the baby and goes home to Fontaine to care for her bereaved father—who already has Rena and a couple of black women retainers to look after him.

Forrest drifts out of the picture, although later he is reunited for a time with Rob. The second section of the book, subtitled "The Heart in Dreams," deals mostly with Rob's adolescence, his wanderings in early manhood, and his marriage to Rachel Hutchins, the frail daughter of the owner of an old-fashioned resort hotel situated in the foothills of the Virginia Blue Ridge. A year or so later the curse of the Kendals descends, through marriage, upon Rachel. She dies in childbirth, leaving behind a son named Hutchins, or Hutch for short.

The final section skips all the way from 1930 to June 1944. By then Forrest is dead and Rob is approaching middle age. He has become an amiable drifter who can't keep a job because he is a periodic drunk. Eva has raised Hutch, who is now 14 and is trying to take charge of his own life and his father's, as the novel ends or fades out.

Interwoven with the lives of the Kendals and Mayfields are the lives and fates of several generations of blacks, domestics, sharecroppers and girl friends. Price's black women live. He is less successful with a black man named Grainger Walters, a supporting character who is a sort of retainer-companion to three generations of Mayfields and who remains throughout the novel a body and soul in limbo. You want to tell him to strike out on his own, although it is clear that the insularity of his life would have made that hard for him.

To a considerable degree the white characters, too, live in a sealed-off world. Price has a strong feeling for place, the weather, the seasons, and he renders accurately enough the way people lived in most of rural America during the years the novel covers. The reader doesn't, however, get many clues as to what was happening in the outside world during the booming 1920s, the depression, or in the World War II period.

As for the relationships among the white Kendals and Mayfields, the story at times reminds one of the chronicles of the Hatfields and McCoys, although Price's people substitute the tongue, the pen, and the studied silence for the rifles the Hatfields and McCoys employed. Price must use the letter more than any author has since Tobias Smollett wrote *Humphry Clinker*. He's also very good with letters; his people reveal their hearts when Price lets them write a letter.

The Surface of Earth is old-fashioned in the sense that it tells a story, several stories in fact, and has characters of more than one dimension. Price's method is naturalistic, but the novel also carries strong overtones of the picaresque. Price's people are not rogues and his treatment of them is not satirical, but they are vagabonds of the spirit; they are searching, in their hit-or-miss fashion, for love and fulfillment.

In particular, Price is concerned with the difficulty of finding and giving love or even recognizing it when it is offered. His success in dealing with the two themes of love and destiny is considerable. But I left the book with the feeling that somehow it ought to have been better—and about 150 pages shorter. □

A Connoisseur of Chaos

98.6. *By Ronald Sukenick. The Fiction Collective-George Braziller. 184 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

EDWARD MARTIN POTOKER

Yeats pointedly characterized the situation that serious contemporary writers must confront when, in *The Second Coming*, he wrote, "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;/ Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world." Furthermore, "the blood-dimmed tide" which Yeats envisioned has been loosed so often that it has become tiresome. We are used to slaughter and dried bones and seem comfortable enough bobbing about in an atmosphere of unrelieved feculence and cultural post-coital mildew. Any effort to find Yeats's drowned "ceremony of innocence" would probably result in an investigation of the nearest sewer.

When the contemporary, or "post-contemporary," novelist tries to deal imaginatively with the chaos of his life and art, he shoulders a burden which Yeats did not have, namely, the anxiety that literature, particularly fiction, is meaningless, that the novel, however spontaneous and inventive, is merely print on a page, not life, and that the audience for such a product is small, quirky, and capable of vanishing easily. Moreover, the experimental novelist, feeling constrained to reject realism or *mimesis*, puts maximum stress on fantasy, myth, continuous invention, the primacy of language. These are elements, he knows, which can and often do degenerate into contrivance and gimmickry. It requires considerable courage, humor, wisdom and integrity to write—or to persist in writing—under such conditions. Ronald Sukenick is rich in these qualities. He has more grit than most young novelists in sight.

From the outset of his career as a novelist, Sukenick has been ready to confront anarchy, consciously warring with circumstance. In order to deal with fragments, he has reformulated in *98.6*, his most recent novel, the Mosaic Law: "the law of mosaics, a way of dealing with parts in the absence of wholes." His parts are the inconstant, volatile members of a California settlement, referred to collectively as "the

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children of Frankenstein," the monster being the United States, progenitor of "The Dynasty of the Million Lies." Sukenick, a major character in this novel as in *Up* and *Out*, which all intersect and meld, has helped to initiate the settlement and feels that the place, containing a patio and an original barn and surrounded by trees, is an extension of the woods:

> . . . It looks completely disconnected with his past experience which is completely to the good he feels. They all feel. Because there's a sense to their whole thing of new beginning and last chance even though in fact there are no new beginnings and no last chances. Because all of them are leaving behind lives touched by disillusion a recognition of emptiness in plain language a despair at the heart of things so withering that the only answer is to give up and die. That's the best thing that can happen to you. Give up and die. That's the first step. It can only lead to improvement. Let's call it The Great Depression. Let's say that Frankenstein never recovered from The Great Depression. It was such a trauma to our parents that it got into their hearts into their bloodstream into their genes. And now it's in our hearts . . . and in our children's hearts beneath their joy-hunting and rebellion is still that despair . . . except there's still a chance of a change of heart. To break the chain. Bullshit. Everyone has a change of heart two or three times a year some every weekend. And under every change still The Great Depression.

Joy, dope, sex, freedom, murder do not get rid of it. Emptiness is the best that we can hope for. "Give up and die. . . . The pause between the beats the clean slate the blank space."

The members of the settlement—communards, if you will—are earnest and "very Coast." They want to quarantine themselves, to stay away from the general infection and give themselves the chance to create something healthy. Attempting, imaginatively, to make themselves whole in the context of flux, they often change their names and sexual partners, invent new language, reinvigorate the counter-cultural experiments of the 1960s. But they cannot change as rapidly as external reality. Moreover, they are menaced by bikers, truckers, Jesus freaks, poltergeists and nearby communes called the Planet Krypton and the Riverboat Queen. Soon they succumb to jealousy, worry about property, and organize search and destroy missions.

The commune fails, but Sukenick moves on to invent "Palestine," the last section of the book and an abstract fantasy of Israel as Utopia, a bi-national state with Robert Kennedy alive and President. Jews and Arabs, calling themselves brothers and Semites, mingle and joyously partake of the main ritual activity, which is surfing. Sukenick, orchestrating the aesthetic, erotic, linguistic and political themes of *98.6*, enjoys colloquies between himself and RFK, Golda Meir and Yitzak Fawzi, an astronomer who lectures on Wave-Particle Duality. The topics and discussants have great range: Sufism, pure horniness, psycho-synthesis, the luminous orgasm, the concept of superman.

Sukenick, providing much fun and froth, gives us another bungled paradise. Palestine—which can eroticize all its pursuits, where everyone becomes an illogical positivist, and where artists are recognized as the creators not only of aesthetic works but of reality itself—has to be "another failure." Still Sukenick persists:

> Civilization comes down to a man staring at an empty page. Ravings. I have important practical things to do. . . . Interruption. Discontinuity. Imperfection. It can't be helped. This very instant as I write as you read a hundred things. A hundred things to tangle with resolve ignore before you are together. Together for an instant and then smash it's all gone still it's worth it. I feel. This composure grown out of ongoing decomposition.

To achieve and maintain a sense of composure "grown out of ongoing decomposition," Sukenick has felt the need to reinvent the novel. Believing that the form of fiction—that is, realistic fiction, presupposing chronological time as the medium of a plotted narrative and an irreducible individual psyche as the subject of its characterization—which came down to us through Jane Austen, George Eliot and Ernest Hemingway is no longer adequate to capture our experience, Sukenick postulates: "Either the novel will change, or it will die." First of all, Sukenick asserts:

> We will have to make a fundamental distinction between fiction and data. The great advantage of fiction over history, journalism, or any other supposedly "factual" kind of writing is that it is an expressive medium. It transmits feeling, energy, excitement. Television can give us the news, fiction can best express our response to the news. No other medium—especially not film—can so well deal with our strongest and often most intimate responses to the large and small facts of our daily lives. No other medium, in other words, can so well keep track of the reality of our experience. But to do this successfully the novel must continually reinvent itself to remain in touch with the texture of our lives. It must make maximum expressive use of all the elements of the printed page, including the relation of print to blank space. It must break through the literary formulas when necessary, while at the same time preserving what is essential to fiction: incident, feeling, power, scope.

Sukenick has always been his own most ruthless critic, a position admirably consonant with his unaffected frankness. He knows precisely what he wants to do, how he will do it, and how he will fail if he doesn't do it well. Wishing to achieve a balanced interrelation of subject and form, he develops his fiction—or super-fiction—through a series of animated *fabliaux* rather than through coherent action. He deliberately demolishes chronological sequences, offering time past as time present, or several times past as concurrently present.

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Characters dissolve into one another, and the author purposely confuses himself with, and then differentiates himself from, his characters. Pseudo-autobiography as form, collage, use of the tape recorder, and subtle variations on *fiction-vérité* are some of Sukenick's principal building blocks. He is also fond of spacing and page arrangement, techniques fully developed in his second novel, *Out*, where a loose style featuring polysyndeton, quasi-poetic typography, and under-punctuation came to represent the gradual triumph of white space on the page over the printed word.

Now and then Sukenick's fiction is haphazard and banal, the price he must pay for employing such treacherous techniques. Furthermore, in his bizarre search for normality—a psychic or spiritual 98.6—in a static, abnormal time, Sukenick displays uneasy kinship with some past and present eccentrics: Laurence Sterne, Ronald Firbank, Gertrude Stein, William Burroughs, Donald Barthelme. Usually, however, Sukenick is in full control of his art, and, at the most conspicuous level, the unity of his fiction coincides with the unity of his own consciousness. Out of broad humor and a sense of structural irony, which mitigate or transform elements of fear, numbness, disgust, disloyalty and violence, Sukenick manages to balance the sentimental, the emotional, and the pathetic with the obscene, the trivial and the absurd. As Ihab Hassen has remarked, "Sukenick should be read." □

Workers, Intellectuals and the Double Standard

RED, WHITE & BLUE-COLLAR VIEWS: A Steelworker Speaks His Mind About America. *By Michael LaVelle. Saturday Review Press-E.P. Dutton & Co. 212 pp. $7.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

The relationship between workers and intellectuals in this country reminds me of nothing so much as two boxers stalking each other. At one time in our nation's history, intellectuals homed in on the working class like junkies in search of a quick fix. In the 1930s the working class existed, in the abstract at least, as an heroic voice, a suggestion of what could be in the nation's future. If you want to frame the image, take a look at the cover of the paperback version of Tillie Olsen's *Yonnondio*. Better still, walk past the county courthouse and strip that WPA statuary of its graffiti. The symbol beckons.

But what of the worker's view of the intellectual? For better or worse, the relationship has never been one way. Despite the manner in which the white working class has been dismissed by a good many intellectuals over the past three decades, the worker has an exaggerated respect for the pure products of mind in America. Or what he takes to be its pure products. He may despise intellectuals as a class, but he is fascinated by their trade. To deal with words, images, to manipulate minds, to create belief—for a worker, such power is extraordinary. "A worker is nothing but a horse," my father used to tell me. He never needed a sociologist to tell him why he wanted for his sons something different from his own fate.

Among other topics, Michael LaVelle discusses the relationship between intellectual and worker in his *Red, White & Blue-Collar Views*. For this reason—as well as for the fact that LaVelle possesses an incisive journalistic eye and an inquiring down-to-earth mind, determined not to be embarrassed, as so many intellectuals are, by the prospect of asking the wrong questions in public—his book is of very special interest to intellectuals. That is not to say that LaVelle is "the voice" of the white working class, or any such nonsense. If anything, he should be praised for recognizing that there can be no such thing as "the voice" of any class. But what LaVelle succeeds in doing in this collection of pieces taken from his biweekly labor column in the *Chicago Tribune* (in itself a kind of class irony) is to insist that his voice is distinctive. And it is. Because his ideas, like his prejudices, emerge from the combination of autodidact and assembly-line worker, LaVelle's point of view is both singular and interesting. He does a great deal of arguing—with himself, with his fellow workers, with international corporate capitalism and particularly with those he labels "authoritarian intellectuals," a phrase that he uses as a club with which to pound away at the intellectual Left. LaVelle and the intellectuals he dislikes have one trait in common: he lumps intellectuals together as intellectuals lump workers together.

And yet, it is an attack that is in large part deserved. For the past thirty years in this country, intellectuals have been guilty of patronizing workers—except when the workers have been black. There have, of course, been exceptions to this—Harvey Swados, Irving Howe, Michael Harrington, B. J. Widick—but they are exceptions who prove the rule. Intellectuals tend to see the world as an extension of theory, reality's justification of systems of thought. A worker's world is by definition more mundane.

For all of his posing as a literary barroom brawler, LaVelle knows this. And he also understands that the white working class is now getting the same treatment that it has gotten ever since industrialization took hold in this country. In the face of a corporate capitalism that has become multinational, the worker's leverage on "the system" is even more limited today than it was in the past. LaVelle recognizes that a labor union has a specific purpose—to act as a worker's consolidation point. It is limited in scope, in objective, in its constituency. Knowing this, LaVelle cannot afford the luxury enjoyed by so many academic intellectuals—sneering at George Meany or categorizing supporters of George Wallace as "working-class Fascists." Having voted for Wallace himself, LaVelle accepts the appeal of what

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SEASONS AND TREES

This I know
from the world,
that
if you take a tree across
some
hard words like I am not going with you,
sooner or later branches will stick to clouds
like
colors on a map, any map.
Or,
if you take wind and try to watch it float
over your palms,
some season will take issue
and
become too tired to change
from what it was
to what it must become.
Or,
if you take someone's hand
and feel it pull away,
you must not run or chase
or follow.
Hands that can blow about
like fallen leaves
are not like mine,
this I know.

Natalie Robins

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Wallace represents—not merely a simplified view of history (although that, too) but the very American desire to impose one's own presence on government, to declare a *me, myself and I.* LaVelle knows that Meany's responsibility to the trade union movement is not a responsibility to socialism or even to reform but to unionized workers. Viewed in that light alone, Meany has done a fairly decent job in fighting what must be regarded as a rear-guard action.

Harold Rosenberg once described the New York literary intellectuals as "that herd of independent minds," a remark that was as unkind as it was accurate. LaVelle attacks those he deems "authoritarian intellectuals" from a similar vantage point. The essence of his argument is that the intellectual judges cultures, nations, even truth itself, by standards which shift as he moves away from his own American world. Reality is transformed into rhetoric. Such topics as the suppression of civil liberties in the Third World are more or less taboo. Wallace is a "Fascist"; Idi Amin is a joke. LaVelle demands that the intellectual do what he is getting paid to do—see for himself. He does not gnash his teeth and weep crocodile tears over uncomfortable issues. He recognizes, for instance, that what is behind the DeFunis case remains essentially the question of who is being asked to pay for the rectification of 350 years of racial injustice.

> It is time that reverse discrimination is finally raised as an issue in relationship to lower-income whites. Throughout society, they are being asked to pay the price of racism by upper-income whites who—barring rhetoric—are not willing to pay the price themselves or even a fair share of it.

This thesis may be simple. It may be simplistic. But it is accurate. It deals with the realities that plague the working class.

The reality of the mundane is what LaVelle demands that intellectuals consider. For a worker, ecology is not a fashion; it is a question of dollars and cents—and one in which his right to eat is often opposed by his right to breathe. But the fashionable conception of ecology is not the only fashion that angers LaVelle. He reminds us that the defense offered by *Ramparts* magazine of political killings in Cuba and Vietnam, that they are "legitimized by mass movements numbering millions of supporters," constitutes an "implied defense of Nazi genocide." And no amount of intellectual sophistication is going to change that truth. Unfortunately, it has of late become more and more difficult to consider oneself a leftist in this country and to speak the truth. LaVelle, who certainly would not label himself a "leftist," takes seriously the need to speak the truth. "The tragedy of Solzhenitsyn, for the Left, is that he himself has become their issue and not the charges he levels." It may be easy to ridicule this kind of thinking; but it is difficult to deny the truth of it. Somehow, on our present scale of values, *The Gulag Archipelago* is embarrassing. And LaVelle is quick to point out how few of our civil libertarians protested Robert Kennedy's vendetta against Jimmy Hoffa. After all, everyone knew that Hoffa was a "gangster."

Red, White & Blue-Collar Views is not merely a book of indictments. But I think it would be healthy if intellectuals on the Left were to read it in that way. LaVelle's attacks are not always justified. He is capable of being short-sighted, he is not as dispassionately analytical as he might be, and he knows less about intellectuals than he thinks he does. LaVelle's description of himself as a "sort of . . . 'anarchist-capitalist' " is as rhetorically fuzzy as anything one of those "Left-leaning intellectuals" he is always attacking could conceive. But his virtues are equally apparent. He is asking us to see not what we would like to see but what is. In this, he is performing a task that in the past was performed by intellectuals. It is obvious that LaVelle does not expect much in the way of a reply to the charges he levels. It would be nice if we could surprise him. For if the Left in this country is ever to become a meaningful force, it is going to have to begin by casting aside doublethink—even doublethink created in the Third World—and meeting the Michael LaVelles of America with honesty. It is time to bury the "heroic" worker of the 1930s and his equally mythical son, the "Fascist" hard hat of the 1960s. After all, they never really existed. But the workers, men and women, who are the destined objects of exploitation and abuse—political, economic and social—they exist, and they are the greatest number. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Graffiti: "words or phrases written on public sidewalks, on the walls of buildings, etc." The term has been extended now to include works seen in, and executed for, art galleries, and it is interesting to see how it got there. The exhibition, "United Graffiti Artists 1975," is at Artists Space, 155 Wooster Street, on the corner of Houston (until September 27). The relationship between graffiti and modern art begins in Paris with Brassai's photographs, published in the pro-Surrealist magazine *Le minotaure* in 1933. At the time he commented on his rough-textured conglomerations of images: "we are worlds away from the sweetness of child art. All becomes earnest, raw, harsh, barbaric." Jean Dubuffet maintained the undercurrent of savagery in a set of lithographs published in 1950 to accompany Guillevic's poems *Les Murs.* In the background of this interest in graffiti is perhaps a more general interest in the visual potential of written forms, such as Paul Klee's use of hieroglyphs. And in New York in the 1940s there was the study of pictographs by Adolph Gottlieb and of ideographs by Barnett Newman.

Thus people in the arts were predisposed to appreciate the colorful, huge-scale graffiti that appeared in the 1970s. The Mayor's office and the Transit Authority fought it, but many shared Claes Oldenburg's view: "You're standing in the station, everything is gray and gloomy, and all of a sudden one of those graffiti trains slides in and brightens the place like a big bouquet from Latin America." (Quoted from Peter Schjeldahl's text in the catalogue of the show.) It should be emphasized that this kind of graffiti, as it expanded to subway-car dimensions, became a particular kind of message.

It was neither scatological nor political. Though of necessity done surreptitiously, it did not, like the gnarled tidings in lavatories, stay that way: on the contrary it flourished publicly for a *mixed audience.* Although it was opposed by city agencies it was not stamped out, as it would have been if the messages had been about Che and Mao or if the barbarism Brassai referred to had been evoked. The subject of the graffiti was the names of the writers themselves, or more often the gang nicknames. (Note that the anonymity of earlier graffiti writers is abolished.) Thus the works were correctly taken as genial affirmations of personal identity, first-person celebrations in bouncy calligraphy and "ethnic" colors, which is to say brilliant hues of the kind associated with Latin American culture.

One of the visual pleasures of this work was its brilliant adaptation to the environment. Though the writing amounted technically to vandalism, it was hard to object to the brilliant floralization of complete trains. To see these ebullient logos compete at the scale of architecture and billboards

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was to enjoy the marks of individualism and of a kind of primitive energy. The interaction of the rotund, zigzagging, bulging letters with the irregular geometrics of the urban environment was a great if unlegislated pleasure. It is from this spontaneously emerging public art that the United Graffiti Artists (UGA) are drawn.

Hugo Martinez describes in the catalogue his sense, after seeing the graffiti, of "the vast potential of Puerto Rican adolescents and what they might achieve by rechanneling their energies." He records that "awareness that the writer could establish his own identity only by violating public, institutional property rights did not deter but rather enhanced the work." Despite this crucial insight, however, the fact of trespass on public spaces counts for very little with him. The "rechanneling" process meant diverting the artists toward the manufacture of commodities. Thus social service (keeping them out of the train yards) converges with career protection (earning money and squeezing out the competition). Since the UGA consists of the best writers, "a vanguard had to be established that would safeguard the art from the fad that would surely follow." These are Martinez's words; to put it another way, a vigorous grass-roots urban art is now packaged for the market and the young men given a legitimate occupation. They are artists, but originally they called themselves writers. The change is important for it indicates the false aestheticism that is associated now with big-scale, sprayed graffiti.

Although the familiar words and numbers are to be seen at Artists Space, they are not on the walls but on stretched canvases. In place of the boundlessness of the city the writers accept severely delimited smooth areas. This leads to an acute weakening of their work. There is a class of Islamic calligraphy known as "pseudo-inscriptions" or "pseudo-calligraphy," in which the appearance but not the substance of writing is presented. The reverse occurs here: real calligraphy is being transformed into pseudo-painting. As interior decoration these paintings are lively, but they constitute a sharp attenuation of the expressive content and formal inventiveness with which the writers began. Martinez's notion of the artists' productivity is understandable but should not disguise the fact that the writers are now producing an ethnic craft for a sophisticated audience. The celebration of name and self have been compromised.

Three years ago Herbert Kohl published a study of graffiti, *Golden Boy As Anthony Cool* (Dial Press). His material predates the ornamental elaboration of the spray-paint period, but his rough examples of unpolished graffiti are continuous with the later work. He defines the social conditions of the writers and the responses to the environment that produced certain kinds of messages. The verbal patterns are keyed with the experiences and lives of the writers. This is the greatest loss in the gallery-ization of graffiti. The communicative function is dried out and the affirmation of self becomes a routine, like making ashtrays. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Thornton Wilder's profundity, Van Wyck Brooks once said, is chiefly cosmetic. That was a perhaps too tart reaction to *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which received the Pulitzer Prize for 1942-43.

It is probably more just to say that the play is a children's colored picture book of an American (Protestant) reading of the Scriptures. A sugary homily, it reassures us that no matter how close to disaster humanity comes through floods, earthquakes, massacres and wars, it somehow survives. (Cynics might call this view "pessimistic.") The family, furthermore, is the core of mankind's coherence. Women protect the home, always forgiving their husbands' and children's follies. Man clings to the wisdom of the ages—the judgments of Moses, Aristotle, Plato, Spinoza—and reaps ever renewed encouragement from new ideas, aids to progress toward a saner existence. Men will sometimes stray from the straight and narrow on the basis of the pleasure principle, but loyal wives and their children lead them back to the righteous path. There is always a Cain in the domestic pile, but loving forbearance serves to tame such unfortunates. A silly hussy who believes—as do many others, men and women—only in fun and power may disturb the peace, but such types are always packed off to the "kitchen." In brief, Wilder, honestly genial, looks on God's world and, like the Deity, sees that it is good.

Howsoever simplistic it may be, I have no serious objection to all this. Wilder does not bid us take his comforting sermon as grave thought. He is quite humorous and playful in tone and stage technique (he scrambles time with easy nonchalance) and he writes with simple grace. Indeed, his manner here is decidedly folksy. In a kindly frame of mind, matching his own, one may even absolve him of committing platitude, if—

That "if" is the possibility of an imaginative or very well-acted production. The performance at the Mark Hellinger Theatre (it originated as part of the Bicentennial celebration at the Kennedy Center in Washington) is entirely inept. It lacks what is essential for the successful projection of the play, namely, wit and charm. Everyone pushes too hard for the most obviously banal effects. There is constant stridency in the delivery of the text. That may be due in part to the size of the Mark Hellinger Theatre, far too large for this sort of play. But in saying this I may be succumbing to my usual fault of excusing inadequacy on the ground of unfavorable circumstances. There once were actors (some still remain) who spoke in a normal pitch and could make themselves audible without difficulty in enormous auditoriums.

I cannot be sure where to place the blame for the dud at the Hellinger. José Quintero, who staged it, is a good director for plays of "mood," but he possesses very little of the comic spirit. On the other hand, Elizabeth Ashley, a comely (though to my taste too thin) actress who was fine in last season's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and whom many reviewers now find brilliant as Sabina, the archetype of naughty femininity, is monotonously shrill, common in speech (I couldn't tell whether it was "Mason-Dixon" or "Brooklyn") and conventionally "bitchy," with barely a spark of the genuine wit that was so conspicuously delightful in Tallulah Bankhead's original Sabina. Because she is loud, it may not be noticed that she also appears "slow": very little comes trippingly off her tongue. Her emphatic delivery of the long speech toward the end of the play stretched it so that I began to suspect her of padding the part. The director was apparently powerless to prevent these excesses. In any case, Miss Ashley is no comedienne.

As I found the show dull, I had time to reflect on another aspect of the occasion. *The Skin of Our Teeth* was first produced during the early years of World War II. Besides the jocose novelty of its presentational method—for example, Sabina interrupting the proceedings with asides to the audience in which she complains of not understanding the play—it seemed to have a certain "relevance." During wartime, audiences need reassurance: "we will come through O.K.," etc., etc. But I remember New York in 1942 as being animated and visibly prosperous; the audiences not at all troubled. I consider 1975 in every regard a worse period and the audience—our "public" in general—apathetic, sunk in unconscious stupor. So the play is no longer "relevant"; today we require not reassurance but rebelliousness. □

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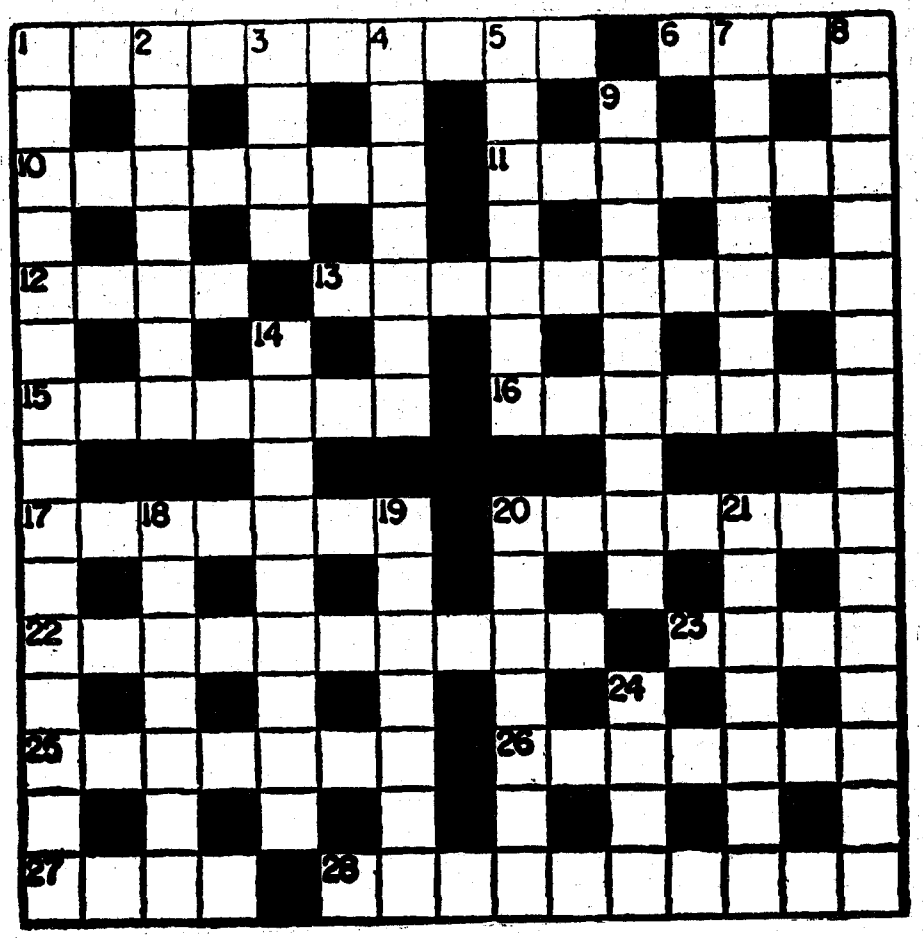

ACROSS

1 The cab toll isn't fixed, but rather, spread. (10)
6 Shut out in this manner? (4)
10 Wearing, for example, around a sculptor. (7)
11 Evidently some disturbance in the plant. (7)
12 Only productive when made by sacrifice. (4)
13 Flower pots tie in a better arrangement, possibly. (9)
15 Sort of this to a sort of 13, worn by some men. (7)
16 Master of Turkey. (7)
17 and 20 With this, you should be lucky to be well-known. (4,3,7)
22 Republicans not about to be hosts, perhaps. (10)
23 Septennial problem? (4)
25 It started around 1000 BC, that is, about a misplaced organ. . . . (4,3)
26 . . . but then, no age is bad for such feelings! (7)
27 Go with Burns in full complement. (4)
28 Perhaps one on the 4th of July. (10)

DOWN

1 Hamlet evidently didn't imply it was too high. (3,4,2,6)
2 and 18 The air of an old sailor suggests one should waft a little thistle in someone's direction. (4,3,3,4)
3 It means he goes out. (4)
4 Shelters, perhaps, from so long a composition. (7)
5 Funny he was in ancient Rome! (7)
7 It might be found near the lift. (7)
8 In the navy would one get only a sandwich and a glass of water, perhaps? (9,6)
9 The character of the Assyrians, Babylonians, etc. (9)
14 Could it describe an agreement to have a bill contain a rate that isn't fixed? (9)
18 See 2 down
19 Allow to get into deep trouble when empty. (7)
20 Shakespeare's lover sighed like one. (7)
21 Straighten out. (7)
24 Othello was one to bring up some space. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1599

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Separate tables; 10 Yawed; 11 and 23 Immovable object; 12 Needles; 13 Links up; 14 Skirts; 15 Sledges; 18 Highway; 21, 19 and 1 down It goes without saying; 24 Sedates; 26 Bathtub; 27 Inviolate; 28 Trace; 29 Salute; 30 Adherent. DOWN: 2 Powder-keg; 3 Riddler; 4 Thirsts; 6 Advance; 7 Lobes; 8 Sheepish; 9 Smiles; 16 Great Dane; 17 Whiskies; 20 Yes-man; 21 Inbreed; 22 and 25 Go to the devil.

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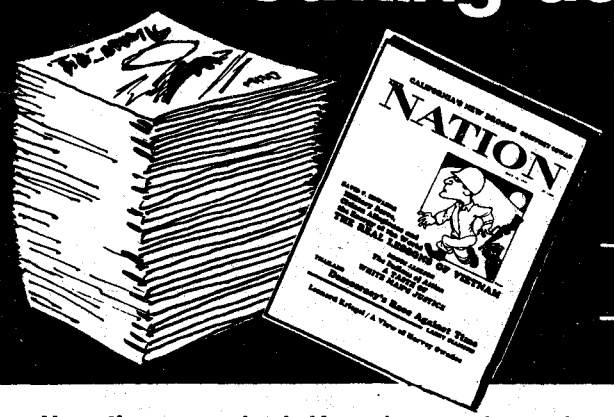

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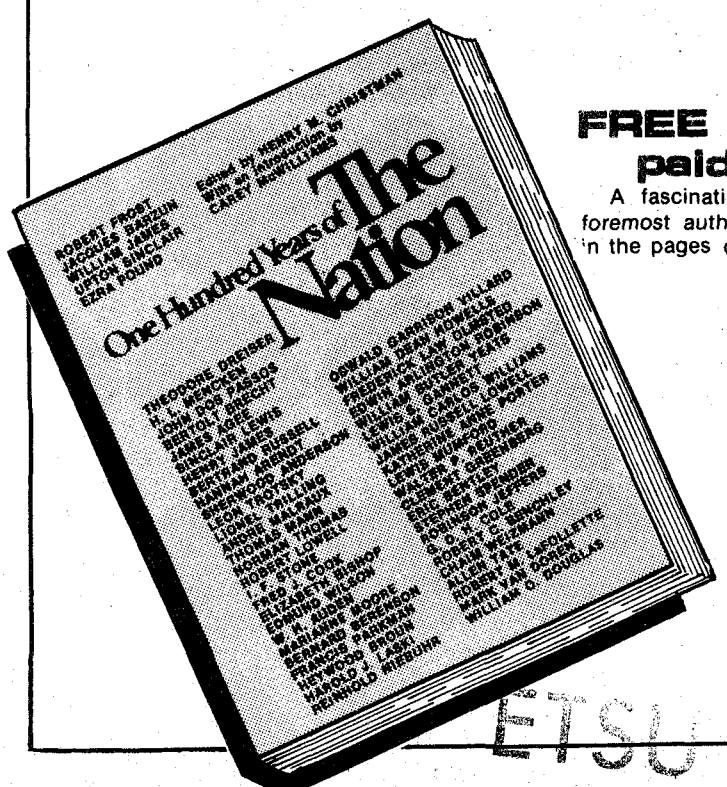

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